

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

No. 191.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1820.

PRICE 1s.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

POEMS, BY A COMMON SAILOR.

In the Literary Gazette, No. 76, July 4, 1818, we reviewed a publication entitled "The Harp of the Desert, containing the Battle of Algiers," &c. and purporting to have been written by Ismael Fitzadam, a Seaman. At that period we were led to believe that this title was merely assumption, and that the real author was Captain C—, the brother of a noble Lord who has travelled much and to good purpose, in distant countries. Certainly there was nothing in the poetry which could warrant any conclusion hostile to this theory; for its merits, both of composition and mind, were such as would not have disgraced a writer of any eminence in station or literature.

We have recently learnt to our great surprise (from anonymous, but self-evidently respectable authority); that Fitzadam is really what was given out...an Able Seaman on board a King's Frigate! And what is still more incredible, that neither the noble Lord, Exmouth, whose exploits he so gloriously sings, nor any of his officers, have ever thought it worth while to seek for and reward this nautical but genuine Child of Song. Perhaps we should be still more astonished at the same neglect in another quarter, were it not known to us that the official duties of the two Secretaries of the Admiralty (both high among the literati of England, and one of them himself a distinguished poet), are of so engrossing a nature, that they may have prevented their attention from being drawn to this fact: otherwise, we should unhesitatingly express our opinion, that it was a discredit to Mr. Barrow, and especially to Mr. Croker, to overlook the author of the striking production to which we have alluded.

All that we know of Fitzadam is, that he is a self-educated Sailor; a native, as we understand, of Leith; and now discharged, after long and honourable service, unfriended and unprovided for. That such a man should pine in obscurity and want, is a disgrace to  
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the country, from which we trust this public notice will pave the way to redeem it. For ourselves, we shall gladly promote any plan to benefit the individual in question: and that our goodwill towards him may find congenial sentiment and co-operation, we beg not only to refer to our Paper indicated at the commencement of this article, but to the following extracts from a MS. by the same hand, and, we believe,\* from a volume in preparation for the press, under the title of "LAYS OF LAND." The variety of talent which they display, their beauty, their pathos, their unaffected and pure poetic character, will plead more effectually than we can for our Poor Sailor!

Extracts from the unpublished Poems, "LAYS OF LAND."

### SONG.

Oh, would I were among the bowers  
Thy waters, Witham! love to lave,  
Where Rotolph's far-distinguish'd towers  
Look out upon the German wave.  
There is a star upon that stream,  
A flower upon those banks there blows—  
Heaven cannot boast a lovelier beam,  
Nor earth possess a sweeter rose.

How blest were I, how more than blest,  
To sit me down those scenes among,  
And there, the cot's contented guest,  
Divide my life 'twixt love and song.  
To guard thee, sweet, and in thine ears  
Plead passion, not perchance in vain—  
The very vision costs me tears  
Of mingled tenderness and pain.

Alas! how different is my lot!  
To drag out being far from thee,  
Far from that dear, that sacred spot,  
Which Witham leaves in tears like me.  
But, pilgrim of whatever shore,  
No fate from thee my soul shall tear;  
And even when life itself's no more,  
My spirit will be with thee there.

### A PETER-PINDARIC.

A Frenchman, on a recent tour to *Londres*,  
Made rather a facetious blunder;  
And, what is much more rare, got out of it  
With somewhat of an expiating hit.

His stock of linen, as it did befall,  
A curse long pinned to shoulders of Monsieur,

\* Our readers will perceive that we speak doubtfully on several points in this brief notice: the reason is, that we are personally ignorant of these circumstances, and rely on information given to us under the signature of "Philo Nauticus," who seems warmly to espouse the cause of this extra-ordinary bard. If required, we hope he will furnish us with further means of promoting the interests of the writer. ED.

Was mutilated much, and small,  
Collar, and frill, and wristband riddled thro'  
By pounding *blanchisseuse's* potent drub,  
Instead of rub,  
The river Seine her suds, a boat her tub.—  
"Ma foi!" quoth he, "il faut que je m'adonise,  
J'ai besoin à présent de von *chemise*—"  
Et en voila, à-propos,—tout près—"  
A gilded shop-front just upon his way,  
Inform d his eye, in letters painted fair,  
A *chemist*—'twas enough—did business there.

Our traveller entered—made his bow—took  
snuff—  
And look'd complacent round—John Bull look'd  
gruff.

"Sarc," said the son of frogs, "je vois tish here  
Que, l'on vend les chemises.... que.... c'est à  
dire,

That you do sell some shirt, et.... tout comme  
ça....  
N'est ce pas?"

"Shirts! shirts!" scowled Bolus, tempted half  
to throttle,

"Who ever saw, or heard, of shirts in bottle,  
Or in a gallipot's dimensions cooped?

Tho' yours, sir, 'windowed' as it is, and 'loop-  
ed,'  
Seems from some *mortar's* vengeance to have  
fled,

Which discipline might serve your own goose  
head—  
Sir, I'm no seamstress—Nay, sir, quit your grin-  
ning—

I make up medicine, jackanapes, not linen."

"Ah, vous le medecin-chemist—ah, oui, oui—  
Je me suis trompé donc, je trouve—I see.

C'est drôle ça, mais—the difference is small—  
A peu près c'est égal—

Monsieur le medecin, you be trop, too proud,  
To make some shirt, but you do make the shroud—  
Voila tout—that's all."

### PARTING.

No, never other lip shall press  
The plighted one where thine hath been,  
Nor ever other bosom press  
The heart whereon thy head did lean.  
Oh, never, love! tho' after this  
Thy smile perchance no more I see—  
The very memory of that bliss  
Shall keep me sacred all to thee.

Farewell, farewell! in woe or weal,  
Tho' worlds may interpose to sever,  
And "the world's law," I wildly feel,  
Thy heart and mine are one for ever.  
Farewell! the ripe tear fills mine eye—  
My very inmost soul is riven!  
After such pang 'tis light to die—  
Matilda, we shall meet in heaven!

### LOVERS' OATHS.

By the first hint of love  
Heaved from hearts newly swollen,  
While it secretly strove  
Thro' the glance that was stolen—

By the hope mildly born  
In that false gleam of gladness,  
As a moment of morn  
Soon clouded in sadness—

By the sigh that would steal,  
And the silence, and trembling,  
Which make the soul feel  
It has done with dissembling—

By the vow breath'd thro' lips,  
Meeting oft as they breathed it,  
As to drink the warm life  
Of the heart that bequeathed it—

By the big tear of blisses,  
That moistened, in starting,  
Our long-clinging kisses,  
The moment of parting—

By the sweetness and grace,  
More than heaven to a lover,—  
By that form and that face,  
Which are heavenly all over—

By the struggle we proved,  
Shewing, oh, too severely!  
That, tho' both dearly loved,  
We loved virtue more dearly—

By the anguish like death  
Our hearts felt to sever—  
By the memory, whose faith  
Will adhere to thee ever—

These pledges I call, love,  
To witness I take thee—  
By these, each and all, love,  
I'll never forsake thee!

## BALLAD.

A dew-drop hung on the cheeks of a rose,  
Fast by a bower,  
Where, at sunset hour,  
The young sylph, Beauty, sought repose.  
Lovely as nature the flower looked at even,  
And the pure pearl wan,  
That trembled thereon,  
Had just been distilled from heaven.

An angel of light, on some errand above,  
By accident strayed  
Where the innocent maid  
Lay dreaming—her dreams were of love.  
Soft, soft to her wild-flower pillow he stole—  
Her bosom of snow,  
Now lifted, now low—  
Spoke the visions that warmed her soul.

Then he plucked the rose, and diffused its fine dye  
O'er her cheek so bright,  
And bade the mild light  
Be henceforth the herald of tender joy.

"And thou, little gem, be still trembling near,  
For if hint of our heaven  
To mortals be given,  
'Tis beauty's blush set with love's tear."

It may be that we have readers (we hope we have none) whose hearts can resist these appeals. If such there be, our last effort upon them is an extract which appears to us to have but too much of the expression of truth in it not to be drawn from the life. The author, we fear, is himself—

## THE MARINER.

Son of the storm, alone the "vasty" world  
Of wild, ungodly waters lifted far,



Or obvious to the hissing death-bolt, hurled  
Thro' the red bursting of confronted war,  
Was happiness—for then my worshipped star,  
The sacred one of duty, briefly shone,  
And audible above the cannon's jar,  
My country's voice, and honour's, hail'd me on;  
While hoarded hopes of glory to be won  
Enhanced the strife, where death and danger  
were,

To sternest ecstasy!—But all is gone—  
And nought is left me now to hope, or done.  
Becalmd upon thy stagnant pool, despair!  
With not one attribute of life, save breath—  
And misery—friendless in my sordid shed,  
Like the lone captive stretch'd on dungeon bed,  
Numbering the slow sands as they creep away,  
What reck's to me such worse than living death?  
Such gloomy eve of no inglorious day?  
Oh, bitter doom! bitterer for unforeseen!  
Within whose *upas* shadow joy, hope, may  
The very spirit rots in dull decay.—  
Is life then stripped to this mere, lifeless thing?  
Beams of my morning! blossoms of my noon!  
Whither, and wherefore, are ye fled so soon?  
Weep, fond enthusiast! weep thy withered  
spring—

God! that my grave, as was my birth, had been  
Amidst the living billows' mighty swing,  
Or palled beneath the battle's blazing wing,  
Then had I 'scaped this agony of keen,  
Keen suffering—'scaped the curse to bear, by  
turns,  
Ingratitude, that, with a stony eye,  
Like the vile heartless Levite, passeth by—  
Affected pity's mockery—the spurns  
Of pampered pride—perchance the stings of poverty!

*Tentamen; or an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London.* By Vicesimus Blinkinsop, LL. D. F. R. S. A.S.S., &c. London, 1820. 18mo. pp. 76.

One of the most disagreeable features of the party politics of our times (leaving out of account the horrible nastiness of the investigation into the Queen's conduct abroad), is the sourness and malignancy of spirit with which the contest is carried on. There is no longer any thing humorous, gentle, or manly in the struggle; but it has assumed a gloomy, bloodthirsty, and barbarian aspect, at once frightful and abhorrent to the few who do not suffer their lives to be embittered by abandoning the bounties of Heaven, and plunging into this gulph of senseless turmoil and unproductive trouble. Politics are, indeed, the curse of our times. Peace, the mother of the useful arts, the nurse of the sciences, the improver of the condition of man, hath returned to earth in vain; the stormy and base passions seem loosened by the event, and we pass from aggravation to aggravation, like maniacs; while the detested flux and reflux of discontent drowns all the better parts of nature,

and the spirit of contention blasts creation, from the humble plough-boy to the sceptered monarch.

Among the efforts of some of the clever partizans in this servile war, to introduce a little of the pleasantry, if not the chivalry of such conflicts into the struggle of the present period, this *Tentamen* is the most successful that we have seen. The author, whoever he is, is far above the ordinary standard of squib-writers; and has thrown much more wit into his *jen-d'esprit*, than usually belongs to performances of its class.

The design appears to be, to ridicule a person publicly conspicuous enough to render him a fair object of satire to his opponents—we allude to Mr. Alderman Wood; and as this is cleverly done, and without ill nature, under the pretence of raking up the story of the celebrated Whittington, we shall endeavour to entertain our readers (on which ever side they range themselves,) with a glance at its fashion and manner.

The dedication is to the Duke of Sussex, and enumerates a laughable list of His Royal Highness's titles, as patron or member of many benevolent and other institutions, from the Garter to the Fishmongers Company; and from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, to the institutions for delivering married women at their own habitations, and the General-Central Lying-in Charity; from the Society of Arts, to the Beef Steak Club. The address which follows this enumeration is so severe, that we trust its insinuations are not well founded; and in this hope, pass on to the body of the work.

The author opens his subject with a good deal of drollery:—

"In looking at the propensities of the age we live in, comparatively with those of times past, one cannot fail to observe a laudable love for the noble science of antiquities: of which it may be truly said, that it is conversant with peaceful and unoffending *yesterday's*, while the idle votaries of the world are busied about *to-day*, and the visionaries of ambition are dreaming of *to-morrow*."

"Connected with this grave and useful pursuit is the general inclination to search into the minutiae of history, which never before prevailed amongst us in so ardent a degree. The smallest information upon traditional points, is received with an avidity more salutary and commendable than that which is the result of a common place love of novelty; and the smaller the information, the greater the merit of the painstaking author; who, like a skilful clock maker, or other nice handy-craftsman, is lauded in proportion to the minuteness of his work."

Such are, for instance, the valuable discoveries which that excellent philosopher and novelist Mr. Godwin hath made and edited, of and concerning the great poet Chaucer; and, inasmuch as the nice and small works of clock makers, which we have mentioned, are carefully placed in huge towers and steeples, beyond malicious or impertinent curiosity, so this prudent philosopher hath disposed his small facts in two

tall volumes, equally out of the reach of the vulgar.

"Such also are those valuable illustrations of the private lives of public men which have issued from the press under the titles of *Ann.*, *Remains*, and *Memoirs*," and which have so admirably answered the purposes for which they were put forth—namely, that of being sold—while they at the same time maintain a discreet silence on all matters which the ingenious subject of the biography might wish to conceal, agreeably to that excellent maxim *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*: by these means, such treatises become a delectable kind of reading, wherein nothing is admitted which can hurt the feelings of any of the worthy persons mentioned in the course of the work, particularly if they be deceased. This mode of writing conduces to good humour and charity amongst men, and manifestly tends, as Dr. Johnson observes on another occasion, to raise the general estimate of human nature.

"On these principles and considerations have I been induced at no small cost of time and labor, to endeavour to throw a new light upon the life of Matthew Whittington, some time Mayor (or Lord Mayor, as the courtesy goeth) of this worthy City of London, a man, whose fame needs no addition, but only to be placed in a proper point of view, to challenge the admiration of a grateful posterity of Mayors and Aldermen.

"In humble imitation of my aforesaid friend, Mr. Godwin, and of divers other well reputed authors, I have written this life in one hundred and seventy-eight quires of foolscap paper, in a small and close, but neat hand; which by my computation, having counted the number of words therein contained, as well as the number of words in the learned Bishop Watson's life of himself, (which made my excellent friend Dr. Snodgrass, who lent me the same, facetiously declare, that I was the only man he ever knew who could get through it); I say, having counted all these words, I find that my life of Mr. Whittington, (including thirteen quires on the general history of Cats) would, if duly printed after the manner of Mr. Davison, who never puts more than sixteen lines into a quarto page, make or constitute five volumes of a similar size and shape to Dr. Watson's life, which, with cuts by Mr. John Britton, author of several curious topographical works, might be sold for the reasonable sum of 31l. 10s. being only six guineas the volume; and if it should please the legislature, in its wisdom, to repeal the Copy-right Bill, (by which costly books are made accessible to poor students at the Universities, who have no business with such sort of works) my said work might be furnished at the reduced price of 31l. 4s. 6d.

"But small as this sum is, it is with grief I say, that such is the badness of the times, occasioned by the return of peace, and the late long succession of plentiful harvests; that I find booksellers strangely reluctant to embark in this transaction with me."

\* The badness of the times, according to that venerable Bede of modern days. Mr.

They offer indeed to print my work if I can get it *previously praised* in the Edinburgh Review; and the Reviewers say, that they are not unwilling to praise it, but that it must, of a necessity, be *previously printed*.

"I have observed to Mr. Jeffrey in my seventh letter to him on this subject, that this condition is not only new and injurious to me, but, by his own showing, clearly gratuitous and unnecessary; because for aught that appears in the generality of his articles, he may never have read the work which is the subject matter of them; nay, it hath sometimes been *proved* from the context, that he never hath even seen the work at all; and as this little accident hath not hindered his writing an excellent essay under color of such work, so I contended, that he need not now make the preliminary *sine qua non*, as to having my work *printed*; for 'de non impressis et de non lectis eadem est ratio.'

"But I grieve to say, that all my well grounded reasoning hath been unavailing; and as neither party will give up his notion, I stand at a dead lock between the booksellers and reviewers.

"In this dilemma, I should—like Aristotle's celebrated ass—have starved till doomsday; but that, through the kindness and prudent advice of my learned friends Mr. Jonas Backhouse, Jun. of Pocklington, and the Rev. Doctor Snodgrass of Hog's-Norton, I have been put upon a mode of extricating myself, by publishing, in a small form, a *sentamen*, specimen, or abridgement of part of my great work, which I am told Mr. Jeffrey will not object to review, he being always ready to argue 'à particulari ad universale' so that, in future time, the learned world may have hope of seeing my erudite labours at full length, whereof this dissertation is a short and imperfect sample or pattern."

Having thus beat out his ring, not without hitting some very worthy friends of ours; the author begins the *magnum opus*.

"The whole history of the illustrious Whittington (he says) is enveloped in doubt. The mystery begins even before he is born; for no one knows who his mother, and still less who his father was. We are in darkness as to where he first saw the light, and though it is admitted that he most probably had a Christian name, adhuc sub judice lis est, as to what that Christian name was."

The inquiry to settle this important point is conducted with due solemnity, and with the help of the Rev. Dr. Snodgrass of Hog's Norton, it is brought to a successful issue.

"Tradition has handed down to us that Whittington was a charity boy, as it is called, and received the rudiments of letters at the parish school of Hog's-Norton aforesaid; this clue directed the Doctor's researches,

Cartwright, is owing to the Septennial Parliament Bill (1 Geo. I. cap. 28: ) but according to the better opinion of Mr. J. C. Boghouse†, to the battle of Waterloo. (vide Panegy. Nap. Bon. passim.)

† Erratum.—for "Boghouse," read "Hobhouse."

and by that enlightened zeal for which he is conspicuous, he has been so fortunate as to discover rudely carved on the wainscot by some fellow pupil,

M. W. IS A FOOL;

M. W. IS A DUNCE;

And one, which is more satisfactory,

M——W, W. IS A STUPID DOG,

1772.

"This date seems at first sight to apply to a period long posterior to Mr. Whittington; but when we recollect how often the wisest men, the most careful copyists, the most expert printers, mistake dates and transpose figures, we are not to be surprised at a similar error in an unlettered and heedless school-boy; and therefore, as Dr. Snodgrass judiciously advises—a noble conjecture indeed, which places the critic almost on a level with the original writer—the mistake may be corrected by the simple change of placing the figures in their obvious proper order, 1277, which as Mr. Whittington is known to have been Sheriff or Mayor about the year 1330, when he was probably near sixty, shews that he was about seven when at Hog's-Norton; and proves incontestibly, that to him and him alone, these ancient and fortunately discovered inscriptions refer."

It is afterwards added:

"It may seem to some readers that these epithets,—*opprobria*, as some may think them,—do not redound to the credit of Mr. Alderman Whittington's intellect; but even if they are not, as before suggested, the production of envy, they are by no means inconsistent with Whittington's successful progress in life; on the contrary, they seem to designate him as a person who would naturally rise to City honours. It is grown to be a proverb, and admitted by the best writers on the subject, that Lord Mayors are "stupid dogs." The City hath a prescription to choose "fools" for places of honor therein; and as Matthew was at least twice Lord Mayor, he might with great propriety have been *twice* as great a fool as any of the others."

In the same style of irony follows an investigation to ascertain how often Whittington was mayor; but this we must overlook. The subject is then systematically divided into nine sections; but they are all, save one, postponed for discussion in the great work, and the eighth only treated of in this *opusculum*. That head is—

"What the Cat was by which he rendered himself chiefly notorious, and whether his famous expedition to catch the Cat was undertaken prior, or subsequently, to his second Mayoralty."

Previous however to entering even upon this single point, we have some notice of the earlier life of Whittington, during which he formed an intimacy with one Joshua, a thief and receiver of King's stores.

"This Joshua was of a very low origin, and was ironically called Joshua the son of *none*, never having had an ostensible father or mother; to which untoward circumstance may be charitably attributed the errors into which he was occasionally betrayed. The first notion of property which a child receives,



is from being told, I am *your* parent; you are *my* son; this is *your* milk; that is *his* bread. The poor innocent who does not receive this early instruction is naturally deficient in this particular: whence it happens that such persons are generally found rather lax in their principles of *meum* and *tuum* to the end of their lives; which, however, by an equal dispensation of Providence, are usually shortened by a special interposition of the law."

"It was in allusion to these hoards, and the *means* and *times* by which they were collected, that in the quaint biblical facetiousness of that age it used to be observed, that if Joshua of old had known how to do his business *by night*, as well as his modern namesake, he need not have desired the sun to stand still; a witticism which Speed records with great delight."

Other incidents of the hero's youth are related; and it is decided, that it was not the housemaid, but another domestic who drove him from his service, on these grounds—

"Certain it is, that Mr. Whittington when in very different circumstances, maintained his rooted dislike to a *cook*, while his favourite remembrance of the housemaid's kindness evinced itself in the respect he openly professed for a *broom*, (however cracked or crazy it might be) wherever he saw one."

The grand subject of inquiry now demands all the acuteness of our antiquarian. He is puzzled to find out whether the source of M. W's fortune was a *bona fide* cat, an animal,—a ship so called, as that in which Newcastle coals are imported in to this day,—or a *great lady*. It may be guessed, that he inclines to the latter opinion, which he supports in the first instance, "by a very curious ballad of the times," now in the British Museum (Messalina 2), of which the annexed is a genuine copy.

*An exceeding, exacte, and excellent good ballade, written by mee Geoffrey Lydgate, uponne Masterre Whyttington hys Catte.*

Yee Cytizens of Lundun tounne,

Ande Wyves so faire and fattee,

Beholde a guesste of high renounne!

Grete Whyttingtonne hys Catte!

Ye kynges hath yun hys towre off state

Beares, lyones and alle thatte;

But hee hathe notte a beste soe grate

Ass Whyttingtonne hys Catte!

This Catte dothe notte a catte appear,

Becyngne toe bigge forre thatte

But herre attendaunts alle doe weare

Some tokyn off a Catte!

Ye one hathe whysskerres, thicke ass burrs

Moste comelye toe looke atte:—

Anoder weares a gowne of furrs,

Ye lyverye off ye Catte!

She dothe notte croepe along ye floores,

But standes or else lyes flatte:

Whyles they must gamboule onne alle fours

Whoe wyshe to please ye Catte!—

A conyngne monkeye off ye lawe,

Ass bye ye fyre he satte,

Toe pick hys nuts oute, used ye pawe

Off Whyttingtonne hys Catte!

But Whittingtonne discovered playne

Whattee this vyle ape was atte;

Whos fayledde thus hys nuttes toe gayne,  
And onely synged ye Catte.

Thenne Whyttingtonne ynn gorgeouse state.

Syttynge wythoute his hatte,

Broughte toe hys house atte Grovner-gate

Thys moste yllustrious Catte.

She ys so graciouse and soe tame

Alle menne may strooke and patte;

But yt ys sayde, norre mayde norre dame,

Have dared toe see thatte Catte.

Fullle hugelye gladde, she seemeth, whenne

They brynge herre a grente ratte

But still moe gladde atte katchynge menne

Ys Whyttington hys Catte.

A Catte, they saye, maye watche a kyng;

Ye apotheme ys patte;

Ye converse is a differente thyng:

Noe kyng may watche thys Catte.

Thenne take, each manne, hys scarlatte gowne,

Ande eke hys velvette hatte

And humblye wellcome yntoe tounne

Great Whyttington hys Catte.

Lest any doubt should hang on his allusion, he adds, as if from Mr. Hallam.

"This great Lady," he says, "*was Catte*; that is, a *German*, one of the people called *Catti*, who inhabited that part of the ancient Germania now called the Duchy of Brunswick."

Another hypothesis is, from "a more ancient writer still, (Prendergast on Sorcery,) that that which rendered Whittington famous, was both a Cat and an illustrious Lady."

He says, "that while under the appearance of a human being she was capable of performing what in those days passed for miracles; at one time metamorphosing menials and washer-women into Lords and Ladies; causing unknown and portentous stars to appear, and changing by "*arte magice*," white into black, and black into white. He also more fully explains in the same way, the strange facts alluded to in the ballad, of her putting off at pleasure, the form of a cat, and transforming the several feline attributes and appearances to her followers; giving to one supernatural whiskers; to another, a covering of fur; to a third, eyes that can see best in the dark; to a fourth, the faculty of falling on his legs, whatever may happen, and so forth."

This Prendergast is a useful authority for Mr. Blenkinsop; for he "goes so far as to hint, that Whittington himself, from the rapid acquirement of his wealth, lay under the imputation of sorcery, and that he aimed at the attainment of some secrets from the Enchantress to carry on his schemes, which was the chief cause of his devotion to her. The same author says, that he was taxed with concocting a liquor made from noxious weeds and deadly herbs, with which he was enabled to steal away men's senses, and lead them according to his will; but I, quoth the liberal author, must be allowed to doubt the truth of this charge, it seems to be a vulgar revival of the old story of Circe—looking at the events of his life, there appears to me abundant proof that Matthew was no conjuror."

In this way of pleasant trifling, the advance of the worthy alderman is marked, till we

come to some lines in his praise, though in deference to his notorious modesty and hatred of public notice, only the initials of his name are employed.

Serche Englonde round, naye all the earthe,

Itte myghtellie would trouble you

To find a manne so rich in worthe

As honest Matthew W.

He's notte the manne to doe you wrong

Nor wyth false speeches bubble you,

Whyle Beef grows fatte, and Beer grows strogy

Long lyfe to Matthew W.

The writer now falls more directly into the question which has so much agitated the country; and though he treats it at one shrewdly and sportively, we hold it in such dislike, that, having quoted enough to shew what the Tentamen is, we shall here be leave to close the volume,

*Poems for Youth.* By a Family Circle  
Liverpool and London, 1820. 12mo  
pp. 106.

This *Family Circle* is, we believe, that which gathers round the fireside of Mr. Roscoe; and, if amiable sentiments and refined expressions are to be taken in confirmation of the fact, we may say that we have no doubt of its truth. The *Poems for Youth* are very sweetly written; and they are especially deserving of applause for their invariable tendency to cherish the purest feelings, and inculcate the softest humanity—the grace and blessing of our nature. Those who have studied the formation of character will be the best able to appreciate the value of so delightful an assistant as this little volume offers—

—To rear the tender thought,

And teach the young ideas how to shoot:

And we enjoy the pleasure of doing a good action, when we recommend it to instructors and parents.

That it may not, however, rest altogether on our favourable report, we transcribe a few of the pieces, which, we trust, even age and learning may peruse with satisfaction.

#### TO AN EARLY SWALLOW.

Wild tenant of the changeful year,  
That borne upon the southern wind,  
Across the ocean's distant waves,  
Would'st here a sheltering region find;

Too soon, alas! from brighter climes  
Thou heedless spread'st thy truant wing;  
Too soon thou hither com'st to greet,  
With artless notes, the infant spring.

In hoary Winter's palsied lap  
The infant Spring all cradled lies,  
Whilst round the nurrling's tender form  
The bitter storms unpitied rise.

To melt the tears that freeze his eyes  
No zephyr lends its balmy breath;  
For ever clos'd their purple light,  
Seal'd by the icy hand of death.

And gentle May, in sable garb,  
Seeks with slow steps his mournful bower;  
And sadden in the silent grove,  
The leafless tree, and lingering flower.

For thee, amid the noontide beam,  
No gossamer floats along the vale;

And fled the various insect tribes,  
That revel in the summer gale.

Behind yon mountain's misty brow  
The low'ring storm is gathering fast,  
And sweeps along the cultured plain,  
And wakes the wind and welkin blast.

Then turn thee to my humble cell,  
And shield thee from the beating rain,  
Till Winter's dreary reign is o'er,  
And Summer suns shall smile again.

Thus would I soothe Misfortune's child,  
And gently calm his troubled breast;  
And when life's pelting storms arise,  
Here bid the wretched wanderer rest.

It is thus that benevolent morals are im-  
planted in young hearts: For sheer fancy, we  
will quote an example of another kind.

#### FAIRY SONG.

Swiftly we fly  
Thro' the evening sky,  
When the silver moon shines bright;  
When the bat flits round,  
And the dewy ground  
Is speckled with the glow-worm's light.

When the ring-doves rest  
On their downy breast,  
Flitting thro' the air we pass;  
Where screams the owl,  
And watch-dogs howl,  
We revel in the shaven grass.

Then when we hear  
Loud chanticleer,  
Again to our haunts we fly;  
And thro' the day,  
Sleep the hours away,  
Till the moon-beams again we spy.

The language of the following is, per-  
haps, too elevated for the subject; but the  
thoughts are charming, and we are not with-  
out hopes that it may augment that sym-  
pathy which has lately been bestowed on the  
wretched creatures whose lot it bewails, and  
aid the efforts of the good Samaritans who  
have, as yet in vain, endeavoured to accom-  
plish the amelioration of their condition.

#### THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S COMPLAINT.

Sweep, Sweep! I cry from street to street,  
With wailing loud to all I meet;  
In sorrowing voice and dismal plight,  
'Tis still Sweep, Sweep! from morn till night.  
Oh! many a frightful risk I've run,  
Since first my wretched toll begun;  
I've climb'd up many a chimney dark,  
Bear witness many a cruel mark!  
My limbs are cramp'd, my spirit's gone,  
And all unheeded is my moan.  
I once could laugh, and sing, and play,  
Full jocular, thro' the merry day;  
Breathe unconfin'd the air of heaven,  
And feel the blessings God had given;  
But now all stunted, maim'd, diseas'd,  
I wait till I may be releas'd.  
Beyond the grave there sure will be  
No master hard to torture me;  
With tearless eye and flinty heart,  
To act the ruthless tyrant's part.  
The secret truth will then be shewn,  
And all my silent sufferings known;  
And all will find, ev'n hearts of steel,  
That little chimney-sweeps can feel.  
Oh! once I had a mother dear;  
She would have shed the bitter tear,  
To see her darling thus degraded,

His ruin'd health—his cheek so faded;  
That cheek where she left many a kiss:  
Thank God! she has not liv'd for this.  
No, she rests in her last calm home,  
And thither her poor boy will come.  
The world, alas! is all unkind;  
There's nought I love to leave behind;  
No! there is none to pity me,  
And only when I die—I'm free!

The following short poem is, we think,  
extremely pathetic.

#### A DIRGE.

The summer winds sing lullaby  
O'er Mary's little grave,  
And the summer flowers spring tenderly,  
O'er her thir buds to wave.  
For oh, her life was short and sweet  
As the flowers which blossom at her feet.

A little while the beauteous gem  
Bloom'd on the parent breast;  
Ah! then it wither'd on the stem.  
And sought a deeper rest;  
And we laid on her gentle frame the sod,  
But we knew her spirit was fled to God.  
The birds she loved so well to hear  
Her parting requiem sing,  
And her memory lives in the silent tear,  
Which the heart to the eye will bring:  
For her kind little feelings will ne'er be forgot  
By those who have mourn'd her early lot.

Our readers will not dislike a livelier strain  
to close our notice; and we (in preference to  
an *Elegy*, page 29, which strikes us as the  
only failure in the book, being rather ludi-  
crous than affecting,) select for them, the

#### FORRESTER'S SONG.

Forrester! leave thy woodland range,  
And hie thee hence with me;  
For brighter scenes and pleasures strange,  
For a sake thy greenwood tree.  
Come, gather thy cloak above the knee,  
And take thy tall staff down,  
I'll shew thee what delights they be  
That dwell in tow'r and town.

Nay, stranger, check thy bright bay steed,  
To sojourn with me here;  
And turn him forth at large to feed,  
Amongst these dappled deer:  
And thou, while summer skies are clear,  
Within my greenwood bower,  
Shalt scorn the pleasures once so dear,  
That dwell in town and tow'r.

Well may I find a better home,  
My steed a warmer stall,  
I know full many a lordly dome,  
Full many a palace hall;  
Where stately rows of columns tall,  
The fretted roof sustain,  
Then, Forrester, yield thee to my call,  
And follow me o'er the plain.

Doth lofty roof delight thy eye,  
Or stately pillar please?  
Look, stranger, at yon azure sky,  
And pillars such as these—  
Where, wreathing round majestic trees,  
The verdant ivy clings;  
The pillar'd roofs, the peasant sees,  
Are fit to shelter kings.  
O, who would to the greenwood roam,  
To hear the hautboy's sound,  
To see the glittering goblets foam,  
While mellow pledge goes round;  
Then, while our cares in wine are drown'd,  
The precious stake to held,

And find our varying fortunes crown'd  
With hopes of yellow gold?

Stranger! the woodman's frugal fare,  
No sickly riots stain;  
Nor ever hautboy's artful air,  
Might match yon throstle's strain:  
And, if the stores of ample gain,  
Thy useful avarice crave,  
Go, stranger, teach the ruddy grain  
O'er yonder wastes to wave.

Nay, rather to my lady love,  
My courtly lays I'll sing;  
And in my helmet wear her glove,  
When gallants ride the ring:  
Or foremost in the battle spring,  
Where charging squadrons meet;  
And all my warlike trophies bring  
An offering to her feet.

Falsehood in beauty lies conceal'd,  
Guilt haunts the deadly fight:  
Here woods a harmless warfare yield,  
And maids their true-love plight—  
Such simple joys of rustic wight,  
To thee 'twere vain to tell;  
But heavily fall the shades of night—  
Now, stranger, fare thee well.

We are sure we need not reiterate our  
eulogium on a publication so unpretending,  
and yet containing such compositions as  
these.

#### ASAM.

An account of this eastern kingdom,  
collected by Francis Hamilton, Esq.  
in 1808-9, at Bengal, and published in  
the 2d No. of the *Annals of Oriental  
Literature*, furnishes the substance of  
the following epitome.

Without entering into their early history,  
which, as is generally the case, reaches to the  
gods, we may observe, that for many cen-  
turies the Asamese were distinguished as a  
valiant and enterprising nation. Previous  
to the year 1721, Siva Singha, the eldest son  
of Rudra, ascended the throne; but in this  
reign a curious cause threw the whole power  
into the hands of women, or of those who  
promoted them. Soon after Siva's succe-  
sion, a brahman, by his profound skill in the  
science called *Iyotish*, discovered that the  
reign would be very short, and that the mo-  
narch would be deprived of rule before his  
death. To avoid these calamities it was  
suggested that the prophecy might be ren-  
dered nugatory, by resigning the government  
to a wife, in whose fidelity confidence might  
be placed. Poor Siva was glad to accede to  
this mode of cheating his destiny; and se-  
veral queens reigned in turn, while he re-  
mained a mere cypher, merely mounting the  
throne to marry them as they were wanted.  
Siva (or rather his wife) was succeeded by  
his brother Pramatta, in 1744, and he, on  
his death, about 1751, by another brother,  
Rajeswar. Rajeswar reigned about twenty  
years, and inclined to the Moslem manners.  
Lakshmi, his brother, succeeded him; and,  
according to the custom of Asam, maimed  
all the males of his family, so as to secure  
the throne to his own son. The kingdom  
was now, however, hastening to ruin. The  
power of the spiritual teachers had acquired

such force, that their insolence became intolerable, and Lakshmi, as Lord of heaven (Swargadeo), could no longer contain his anger; so that, to check their pride, he burned a splendid building, which, contrary to law, had been erected by one of them named the Mahamari, who guided a multitude of the lowest and most ignorant of the people. The inflamed multitude put the chief minister to death; but the prudence of Lakshmi enabled him, although with great difficulty, to smother the rebellion; and he died in peace.

"Gaurinath, the son of Lakshmi, succeeded his father, and was the twentieth prince and seventeenth generation of the family since it came on earth.

"He seems to have been a weak young man, totally unable to contend with the enthusiastic multitude. The low followers of the Mahamari (mostly fishermen) drove him from his throne, and Pitambar, the spiritual guide of these ruffians, appointed his nephew, Bharat Singha, to be king. This person, in a coin dated in the year Saka 1715 (A. D. 1792), claims a descent from Bhagadatta, which, had he been successful, would have been considered as an indisputable fact. But Gaurinath, having thrown himself on the protection of Lord Cornwallis, that nobleman, shortly before his departure for Europe in 1793, sent Captain Welsh, with eleven hundred Sepoys, who restored Gaurinath to the throne of his ancestors, and after a short stay returned to Bengal, very much to the regret of the prince." The usurper rebelled about two years after, and was seized and put to death. The restored king, however, soon died, and an overbearing minister, Bara Gohain, placed a boy too upon the throne, an illegitimate descendant from Gadadhar the father of Rudra. About 1802 or 1803 there was a conspiracy against Bara Gohain, which he suppressed, putting to death five hundred persons of some rank, among whom was the brother of his own wife. The executions were performed with the cruelties usual among the Asamese, namely, with hoes heated to redness; but the terrible example is not thought to have quelled the spirit of insurrection.

"The persons descended from Rudra Singha by legitimate marriage, and entitled to continue the succession, are called Tungkhungiya; and all these have a right to succeed to the royal dignity; except such as have on their body some blemish or mark, whether from disease or accident, the scar either of an honourable wound, or of the small-pox, being equally a complete bar to the royal dignity." This induced the practice of wounding conspicuously on the nose or ear, all the royal progeny, except the presumptive heir. As a farther precaution, all the princes, not sons of the reigning king, and their families, were confined on a hill among forests called Tejinamrup, two miles from Gargang the capital, to which there are three ascents, and three strong guards, Chaulung, Dolakakuriya, and Kukurachoya. "The kings formerly lived at Gargang; but Siva Singha removed the seat of government to Rangapur Nagar (the city the abode of

pleasure), which is situated on the Dihko river, that, about three hours' journey from the fort, falls into the Dihing or southern part of the Brahmaputra river." Near the royal palace was a small temple, composed entirely of copper, in which the god Chung, it is supposed, was kept; but the whole worship of that deity is veiled in profound mystery.

"The coronation, or rather enthronement of the king, is performed with much ceremony. The raja, mounted on a male elephant, and accompanied by his principal wife (Bara Kumari) riding on a female, proceeds to plant a tree (*Ficus religiosa*) on the hill Chorai Khorong, where his ancestor Khuntai first appeared on earth. By the way he takes up the young tree, and pays the proprietor whatever price he chooses to demand. In performing this ceremony, the god Chung is suspended round his neck, he is girt with the sword Hyangdang, he carries in his turban the feathers of the sacred bird Deokukura (*Pavo bicalcaratus*), and he is accompanied by all the principal officers of the kingdom, by a great part of the army, and by a vast multitude of the people.

"Having planted the tree, the Raja and his followers descend to three huts, that have been erected for the purpose, and which are called Patghar, Holongghar, and Singgorighar. The Raja and his queen first enter the Patghar, where some water is poured on them from a shell called Dackshinavarta Sangkha, the mouth of which is turned the way contrary to that of the shell, which is usually sounded by the Hindus, in order to attract a little notice from the gods.

"The two royal persons then enter the Holongghar, and sit on a stage made of bamboos, under which is placed one of each species of animal that can be procured, such as a man, an elephant, a horse, a cow, a deer, a hog, a fowl, a duck, a snake, an insect, a fish, &c. Then water from nine Tirthas, or holy places, is poured over the king and queen, and falls on the animals.

"The water of each holy place is kept in a golden vessel, and the plants called Sarvaushodhi, and Mahaushodhi have been infused into it.

"The royal persons having been bathed, the king replaces the feathers in his turban, and advances with his queen to the Singgorighar, having in his hand the sword Hyangdang; and with this, before he enters, he kills a buffalo. The original custom was to kill a man, a criminal having been selected for the purpose; but since the time of Rudra Singha a buffalo has been substituted. The Raja then enters the Singgorighar, and ascends a throne (Singhasan) of gold, consisting of seven stages. Having been seated, the queen and the three chief persons of the kingdom make many presents of gold and jewels, and then lay their hands on the four feet of the throne. These nobles then walk seven times round their sovereign, who orders money to be coined, and gives some presents to the Deodhain, and to the Brahman who is his spiritual guide. He also orders gratuities (*siropa*) to be given to all the principal officers, and to religious mendicants; and some days

provisions are distributed to the multitude, who have assembled to see the show. The Raja and his queen then dine with all the Asamese of high rank. Then all the tributary rajas, landlords, and inferior officers are introduced, and make presents, which occupies a whole month. In all these ceremonies the Chiring Phukon presides, and regulates every thing according to the ancient customs of the kingdom."

"The whole kingdom of Asam, or Ahom, as the natives pronounce it, formed a portion of Kamrup, one of the ancient divisions of Indian geography; and at the commencement of this degenerate iron age Kamrup was subject to Bhagadatta, a person celebrated in the fables concerning the great war. Dikorbasingi, a temple which was at the eastern boundary of Kamrup, is at the extremity of Asam in the same direction. In modern Asam, however, the term Kamrup is confined to the western and most important province of the kingdom, the greater part of which was wrested from the Moslems early in the reign of Aurungzebe."

The trade between Bengal and Asam is stated at, exports from Bengal 228,300 rupees; imports 130,000 rupees. The balance is paid in gold from the mines, and in silver. The gold is from the mine Fakerguri, and is contained in the sand at the junction of the Donsiri, or Donhiri, with the Brahmaputra. It is wrought by 1,000 men, from 15th September to 14th October, and each man must deliver one and a half rupee weight of gold dust. If successful he keeps all the overplus; if otherwise he must make good the quantity. "The mine, therefore, produces to the royal treasury 15,000 rupees weight of gold dust; for every person employed is paid in land. The rupee weight of gold dust is worth twelve rupees of silver; but it is adulterated and formed into small balls, which sell at Goyalpara for eleven sicca rupees for the weight of an Asamese rupee. The mine, therefore, is worth to the king somewhat more than 18,000 sicca rupees a year.

"In the territory called Doyaing, S.W. from Jorhat a day's journey, there is an iron mine, which is wrought in the same manner on account of the king. It supplies the whole country with abundance." There is also a fine salt mine, worth 40,000 rupees a year to the treasury.

"The capital offences are treason, murder, rape, arson, and voluntary abortion. Rebels are never excused; for other offences pardon may be purchased. Capital punishment extends to the whole family of a rebel, parents, brothers, sisters, wives, and children. Offenders are put to death in various manners, by cutting their throats, by empaling them, by grinding them between two wooden cylinders, by sawing them asunder between two planks, by beating them with hammers, and by applying burning hoes to different parts until they die. This is the most horrible.

"Except the gang from Bengal, there are few robbers and atrocious house-breakers, or pirates. Such persons are punished in a summary manner by thrusting out their eyes,



or by cutting off the knee-pans. The wretches usually die of the latter operation, but survive the former. Both punishments are inflicted by the sole order of the chief minister in Assam proper, or of the governor of the two other provinces. Petty thefts are very common, and are punished by whipping, or by cutting off the nose or ears."

The productions are chiefly rice, mustard, black pepper, the bettel-leaf; the sugarcane flourishes, and cotton is grown on the hills. But silk forms the greater part of the clothing, and no fewer than four different kinds of worms are reared, that on the mulberry being the least, and that on the muga (a species of laurel) the most common. The insect is fed on the tree as it grows. There are two crops; the silk procured at the beginning of the dry season (kartik) is red, that which is cut in the end of spring (jaishtha) is white, and reckoned the best. The silk Medilangori, obtained in Assam proper, on a cultivated tree of another description, is still dearer than the preceding. The fourth kind, called Grendi, is reared on the Ricinus, and is abundant. Oxen and buffaloes are plentiful; but the art of making butter and cheese unknown: sheep are scarce, and goats not numerous. There are no asses, and very few horses. Ducks are more common than fowls, though many persons keep game cocks.

The handicraftsmen do not seem to be very expert, though the turners, it is said, can straighten an elephant's tooth, by covering it with a thick coat of clay and cow-dung, and then exposing it to the fire.

"No one is allowed to wear shoes without a special licence from the king, and it is an indulgence that is very rarely granted. At the capital there are a few Bengalese shoemakers, who are ready, whenever his Majesty chooses, to have a pair of shoes, or to indulge one of his chiefs with that luxury.

"There are no confectioners, no butchers, no bakers, no tailors.

"All the domestics are slaves, and they are pretty numerous, every man of rank having several. The slaves are procured from among the necessitous, who mortgage themselves, in the same manner as in the eastern divisions of Rangapur. Some are exported. About a hundred of pure cast are annually sold to Bengal. They are mostly children: the girls are chiefly bought by prostitutes, and cost from twelve to fifteen rupees. A Koch boy costs twenty-five rupees, a Kolita fifty. Slaves of impure tribes are sold to the Garos, and many are said to be sent to Nora, from whence they are probably exported to Ava."

#### BRITISH BIRDS.

*A Compendium of the Ornithology of Great Britain; with a Reference to the Anatomy and Physiology of Birds.* By John Atkinson, F.L.S. &c. London and Leeds. 1820. 8vo. pp. 322.

In his preface the author of this very useful work, truly says:—"It has long been regretted that the want of a concise system of British Ornithology has prevented the diffusion

of these advantages. The works on this subject, though highly valuable in themselves, are too expensive for every one to procure, and so voluminous as to discourage those whom we should invite, and appal the student with images of difficulty and labour, when we should cheer his efforts, and smooth his approach."

He then unfolds his design as follows:

"The intention of the author, in forming this compendium, was to collect the information scattered through extensive treatises, and the transactions of learned societies,—to state the species which have been recently discovered,—and to correct those errors in synonyma, which the difference of feather in different ages, or at certain times in the year, has frequently produced. Far, therefore, from aspiring to supersede the standard works, he trusts his synopsis will facilitate their study.

"From the writings of Shaw, Montagu, Pennant, Latham and Bewick, he has often drawn his descriptions; but in almost every instance, diligently compared them with specimens in his own cabinet, or those of his friends. The details of authors, however, the concise plan of his compendium has often obliged him to abridge; yet he is not aware of having ever omitted the characteristic of a species.

"Besides the external appearance, this synopsis will be found to contain anatomical remarks. A great proportion of the British birds have been accurately examined by the author as to their internal structure, while others were dissected in the Orkney Islands by well informed assistants, sent for the purpose of procuring specimens. The habits of several species these gentlemen also ascertained, and some were kept alive under the author's inspection."

In the beaten path of criticism we have but to state, that Mr. Atkinson appears to us to have formed a good plan, and to have executed it very ably. Such a publication admits of hardly any other mode of illustration, than the expression of opinion; but we shall endeavour to condense its information (on leading points), and add such examples of the peculiarities and habits of some of the birds, as may serve to relieve the technical dryness of the subject.

Mr. Atkinson thus classes the birds of Great Britain. First division, LAND BIRDS.

*Order I. Accipetres*, consisting of three genera.—*Genus 1. Falco*. Eighteen species from the golden eagle to the sparrow hawk. *Genus 2. strix* (owl) of eight species, and *genus 3. lanus* (strike) three species.

*Order II. Picæ*, consisting of eleven genera; viz. *corvus* (crow) of nine sorts, *coracias* (roller) one, *oriolus* (oriole) one, *cucullus* (cuckoo) one, *yunx* (wryneck) one, *picus* (woodpecker) five, *alcedo* (kingfisher) one, *sitta* (nuthatch) one, *merops* (bee-eater) one, *upupa* (hoopoe) one, and *certhia* (creeper) one.

*Order III. Passeres*, sixteen genera, viz. *sturnus* (starling) one, *turdus* (thrush) seven, *cinclus* (water-ouzel) one, *glareola* (pratincole) one, *ampelis* (chatterer) one, *loxia* (finch) five, *cimberiza* (bunting) seven, *fringilla* (sparrow) nine, *muscipapa* (fly-

catcher) two, *alauda* (lark) six, *motacilla* (wagtail) three, *vitiflora* (wheatear) one, *sylvia* (nightingale) nineteen, *parus* (titmouse) seven, *hirundo* (swallow) four, and *caprimulgus* (goatsucker) one. *Order IV. Columbae*, one genus, the pigeon, four species. *Order V. Gallinae*, four genera; viz. *colchicus* (pheasant) two, *tetrao* (grouse) four, *perdix* (partridge) three, and *otis* (bustard) two.

The Second Division is that of WATER BIRDS. These are subdivided into the three orders, *grallæ*, *pinnatipedes*, and *palmipedes*. The *grallæ* are of the following eleven genera. *Platalea* (spoonbill) one sort, *ardea* (crane) fourteen, *tantalus* (ibis) one, *numenius* (curlew) two, *scolopax* (snipe) eleven, *tringa* (ruff and reeve—sandpiper) fourteen, *charadrius* (plover) seven, *cursorius* one, *haematopus* one, *rallus* (rail) one, and *gallinula* (water hen) five. The *pinnatipedes* are of only three genera; the *phalaropus* of two kinds, the *fulvia* (coot) one, and the *podiceps* (grebe) six. The last order is the *palmipedes*, or web-footed, which consist of ten genera; viz. the *avocata*, of one kind, *alca* (auk) five, *uria* (guillemot, &c.) three, *colymbas* (divers) five, *sterna* (tern) six, *larus* (gull) ten, *procellaria* (petrel, &c.) three, *mergus* three, *anas* (swan, goose, &c.) thirty one, and *pelicanus* (cormorant, &c.) three.

In all, fifty-nine genera: one hundred and forty-two kinds of land birds, and one hundred and thirty-seven water-fowls: in all two hundred and ninety-seven kinds of birds known to Great Britain.

We now insert three definitions, to show the author's method.

"*Alcedo*.—Bill long triangular, tongue short, sharp pointed; legs short, feet, in most species gressorial. 1. *Isipda*, kingfisher. *A. atro-viridis*, *subtus fulva*, *dorsæ caeruleo nitidissimo: vertice maculis transversis caeruleis*. Shaw. The bill is two inches long, and blackish; base of the lower mandible orange; irides light hazel; crown and coverts of the tail bright azure; under parts dull orange; legs red orange. The kingfisher generally deposits her eggs in an ascending rats-hole. The nest is composed of the bones of fishes, the castings of the parent birds. The eggs are seven, white and transparent. It is supposed that the young are fed by the parents ejecting food from their stomachs. See an interesting account in Mont. Orn. Dict.

"*Genus XI. Sitta*.—Bill subulate, straight, sharp pointed; nostrils covered with reflected bristles; feet three toes forwards, one backward. 1. European, nut-hatch, wood-cracker, nut-jobber. *S. plumbæa*, *subtus sub-ferruginea fascia transoculari nigra, rectoribus lateribus nigris prope apicem albidis*. Shaw. The bill is strong, black above, beneath white; irides hazel; the crown and upper parts are of a fine bluish grey; the cheeks and chin are white; breast and belly are of a dull orange; quills dusky; the legs are pale yellow. The female lays six or seven white eggs, spotted with rust colour. She forms her nest in the hole of a tree, the entrance to which is contracted, by a plaster of clay, so as barely to allow a passage.

When disturbed she hisses like a snake. The nut-hatch feeds upon beetles and nuts, the latter after securing in a chink, it cracks by a stroke of its bill."

"*Rubecula, red-breast. S. grisea, gula pectoraque ferruginea.* Shaw. The bill is slender and black; the irides are large and dusky; the plumage is yellowish brown; the breast deep rufous-orange; the belly and vent are whitish. Both sexes are alike. Length six inches. The red-breast builds its nest at the bottom of some thick shrub: it is composed of leaves, moss and feathers. The female lays from five to seven dirty white eggs, spotted with rust colour. Its food is worms and insects, which it never eats alive, but beats them with its bill against the ground until they cease to move."

Agreeably to our proposition we conclude with a few characteristic notices.

"As birds do not possess the sense of taste, the fluid usually secreted by the parotid gland is not saliva, but a mucus fluid, and its use is to lubricate the throat, and defend it from the many hard substances constantly swallowed. In the woodpecker this gland is unusually large, and the fluid most viscid, which enables it to attach insects, &c. the better to its curiously formed tongue. This organ in most birds has the os hyoides, which runs in the centre cartilaginous, but in the woodpecker it is completely ossified, runs longitudinally through the tongue, and projects at its tip, a barbed point, the use of this structure is of course to transfix insects. But in order to allow a sufficient protrusion and retraction, the cornua of the os hyoides are elongated backwards and upwards, and slide in a groove of the cranium. Thus by the surprising latitude of motion, which this conformation allows, conjoined also with the elasticity of the root of the tongue, and the peculiar muscles which produce its motions, the bird has the power of darting out for several inches its singular weapon."

"The organ of voice in birds is at the bifurcation of the trachea, and not in the larynx: it appears by the observations of Cuvier to depend upon the number of constrictor muscles, and their situation. He found in all singing birds five pairs:—

- Two anterior longitudinal contractors.
- Two posterior do.
- Two small do.
- Two oblique
- Two transverse

"In most birds which do not sing there is in general only one pair."

"Of the owl. "Spallanzani found that the gastric juice of the owl and some hawks, is perfectly incapable of digesting vegetable substances, however triturated or masticated; but that the gastric fluid of the ring-tail eagle, digested bread when forced into the stomach, although the bird would not touch it voluntarily after four days fasting."

"The gastric fluid will not act upon the enamel of the teeth, horn, or the cartilaginous portion of the gizzard of fowls."

"A curious anecdote is related of the screech owl, by a gentleman who resides in Yorkshire, and who is well acquainted with Ornithology. Having observed the scales of

fishes in the nest of a pair, which had built near a lake, upon his premises, he was induced one moonlight night to watch their motions; when he was agreeably surprised to see one of them plunge into the water, and seize a perch, which it bore to its nest, whence the gentleman took it."

The hooded crow. Mr. A. says, "This bird, my assistant observed in Orkney, to break shell-fish, by letting them fall upon the rocks from a great height."

"The hooded crow is rarely seen in this part of the country, but is frequent on the shores of our tide rivers, during the winter. We have seen it in most parts of the Highlands, Scotland, in July and August."

"A remarkable instance of a male of this species, pairing with the female carrion crow, (*corvus corone*) we witnessed at Aroquabar, on Lock Long, and this singular attachment, had subsisted three or four years; their nest was like that of carrion crow, in the fork of a tall pine, and the young brood had already flown, but we were unable to procure one of them, or to ascertain which of the parents they most resembled."

The cuckoo. "It is curious, that when two cuckoo-eggs, are deposited and hatched, the stronger bird ejects the weaker, and remains sole possessor of the nest."

"A young cuckoo was hatched in the nest of a water-wagtail; after it had quitted the nest, we observed the singular manner in which it was fed by its foster-parent; the young bird remained squatted on the ground, and in that position, with its head thrown backwards, and gaping with its mouth, received the wag-tail on its back, who liberally supplied it with worms and insects."

The sparrow. "The ignorant, ever ready to judge from superficial observation, have condemned the sparrow, because it feeds on the produce of the farmer, as a most noxious bird, fit only to be extirpated. It is to be recollected, however, that insects form no inconsiderable part of the food for birds. Mr. Bradley, in his treatise on husbandry and gardening, has proved by actual observation, that a pair of sparrows, during the time they had young, carried to the nest forty caterpillars in one hour; and supposing them employed with equal diligence for twelve hours a day, they will in one week consume the astonishing number of three thousand three hundred and sixty caterpillars."

"Thus an all wise Providence checks the inordinate increase of insects; which, however useful in themselves, would if left unmolested, propagate with such rapidity as to consume the vegetable productions of the earth, and leave it a desert waste."

The chaffinch. "Mr. White, in his History of Selborne, observes, that great flocks sometimes appear in that neighbourhood, about Christmas, and that they are almost all hens. In Sweden the hens migrate, leaving the males."

The author mentions tobacco smoke as the only cure for the disease called *oscitans*, or the gapes, in birds; and the following is another of his notes, worth repeating.

"It is curious to observe a bird on its

perch and at rest; it is not by any voluntary action which it exerts by which it is prevented from falling when asleep; it is by the pressure of the body upon the legs, by which the flexor tendons of the feet are compelled to embrace the branch upon which it is seated."

An appendix describes the best mode of preserving birds for the cabinet; but for this and other matters, we must refer to the work itself, which needs no further recommendation either to ornithologists, or the public generally.

#### LODGE'S PORTRAITS.

##### Parts. III & IV.

The greatest difficulty which appears to stand in the way of a work like this, is that of selecting subjects to engrave. In many instances the portraits of our most eminent characters are but of small value as works of art; and yet to omit them on account of this defect would be to exclude the most illustrious persons in our history. This necessarily creates an inequality in the engravings; since the artist well knows the impossibility of producing a fine plate from a picture destitute of talent. But when such a drawback has occurred in any portrait which is the most authentic representation of a distinguished individual, it has been balanced by the care and skill of the engraver in finishing the plate; for we can truly say, that we never had occasion to review a work of such extent, where the combination of ability requisite to bring it before the world has been so various; in which the plates have been so uniformly good, and in which they have improved so much in merit as the publication proceeded.

This is in itself no mean praise, and certainly does honour to the proprietors of the copyright; though it prevents our saying so much of the plates in the early parts, as we may have occasion to observe upon those of later date. It will be a sufficient assurance of their general beauty to state, that the talents of Messrs. Hilton, Satchwell, and others, have been employed in making the drawings, and of Messrs. Agar, Meyer, Cooper, &c. upon the engravings.

Part III. contains Prince Henry the son of James I. (by Mytens), and gives us the idea of a beautiful Stuart countenance in youth, full of benevolence and intelligence. Archbishop Cranmer, from the original in the British Museum. What we find remarkable in the literary portion belonging to this portrait, is a statement that Cranmer had a son and a daughter by his second wife (the niece of Osiander, a protestant divine of Nuremberg), whom he sent back to Germany on the promulgation of the famous six articles, in 1539, forbidding the marriage of the clergy upon pain of death. This fact, which has escaped all who have written concerning Cranmer, is put beyond doubt by the Journals of Parliament, where Mr. Lodge has discovered a Bill passed by the House of Commons, on the 9th of March 1562, for "the restoration in blood of Thomas and Margaret, children of the late Archbishop Cranmer." Another singularity in this portrait is its being the production of one Ger-



bicus Flicciis, and not only possessed of much intrinsic merit, but the only known specimen of an artist whose very name has escaped the observation of Vertue, Lord Orford, Pilkington, Bryan, and others who have devoted their attention to pictorial biography.

The third portrait is that of Ann Clifford, the renowned Countess of Pembroke (by Mytens). The fourth is John Paulet or Powlett (for our ancestors were not very particular in the orthography of even their own names), who was the fifth Marquis of Winchester. It is from a picture by Peter Oliver, and does credit to the gallant royalist and brave defender of Basing House. Edward Courtenay Earl of Devonshire, the last of the elder male branch of that great house, is the fifth subject. This is the personage who was suggested as a husband to Queen Elizabeth; he died at Padua in 1556. The last portrait is that of George Clifford, the third Earl of Cumberland, the father of Ann of Pembroke, and one of the commanders against the Spanish armada. His costume is very peculiar; and he wears in the front of his hat the glove which Elizabeth dropped, and when he presented it to her, bade him keep it for her sake. This honourable mark of his politic mistress's favour is proudly enriched with gems, and seems to be as proudly worn by the adventurous sailor.

Part IV. consists of the following: John Russel, 1st Earl of Bedford, and Thomas Sackville, 1st Earl of Dorset, by unknown artists; John Selden, by Mytens; George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, by Jansen; Lucy Harington, Countess of Bedford, by Honthorst; Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, by Mytens. The second of these is the well known author of *Errex and Porrex*, afterwards called *Gorboduc*, the prototype of the tragic drama in the English tongue. He ought, perhaps, to be almost equally celebrated for his "Induction," to which Warton (though Virgil and older poets might claim it) ascribes the honour of teaching Spenser the mode of designing allegorical personages; as the tragedy no doubt did much towards the production of that resplendent era of which Shakspeare was the sun. We copy a verse or two from the poem, as illustrative of Warton's opinion. The poet is led by Sorrow to the infernal regions:

And by and by another shape appears  
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the breers:  
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deepe dented  
in;

With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin.  
The morrow gray no sooner hath begun  
To spread his light, even peeping in our eyes,  
When he is up, and to his worke yrun.  
But let the night's blacke mistie mantles rise,  
And with foule darke never so much disguise  
The faire bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,  
But hathe his candles to prolong his toile.

By him lay heave Sleepe, cosin of Death,  
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;  
A very corps, save yeelding forth a breath.  
Small keepe tooke he whom Fortune frowned on,  
Or whome she lifted up into the throne  
Of high renown; but, as a living death,  
So, dead alive, of life he drew the breath,

The bodies rest; the quiet of the heart;  
The travails ease; the still night's feere was he;  
And of our life in earth the better part;  
Rever of sight, and yet in whom we see  
Things of that tide, and oft that never bee.  
Without respect, esteeming equally  
King Croesus' pompe, and Iru's povertie.

And next in order, sad Old Age we found:  
His beard all hore, his eyes hollow and blind;  
With drouping cheere, still poring on the  
ground;  
As on the place where Nature him assigned  
To rest.

This is not only fine, but displays much of the cunning of poetry. The alliteration is obvious, without affectation; and many of the images served later bards in good stead, as all our readers will at once perceive.

In the biography of the Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Lodge is wrong where he says that "England could not at that time furnish monsters sufficiently depraved to apologise for a frantic enthusiast (Felton) who had murdered even a bad minister." Never was the country more disgraced by such apologies than on this very occasion: pamphlets were published in praise of Felton, with the names of persons of respectable station attached to them, and multitudes openly regarded the assassins with the veneration of a martyr.

Of Lionel Cranfield, whom Buckingham ruined and got dismissed with heavy fine and disgrace from his office of lord treasurer, we have a good anecdote. A question had arisen at his table (after this event) as to the best means of prolonging human life, upon which his lordship facetiously observed, "Let a man get himself appointed lord treasurer, for no one ever died in that office." His humour was also displayed in some mock-commendatory verses prefixed to the *Travels or Crudities of Tom Coryat* in 1611, who, like Mr. Curwen, (see a subsequent page) seems to have written as he ran.

Poor Coryat was so insensible to ridicule that he inserted all the burlesques upon himself in his book, and, among the rest, Lord Middlesex's:

"Great laude deserves the author of this worke,  
Who saw the French, Dutch, Lombard, Jew,  
and Turke,

But speaks not any of their tongues as yet,  
For who in five months can attaine to it?  
Short was his time, although his booke be long.  
Which shewes much wit, and memory more  
strong—

And yron memory—for who but he  
Could glue together such a rhapsodie  
Of pretious things, as towers, steeples, rocks,  
Tombs, theaters, the gallowes, bels, and stocks,  
Mules, asses, arsenals, churches, gates, and  
townes,  
The Alpine mountains, cortezans, and Dutch  
clownes?

## ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

### CURWEN'S TOUR IN IRELAND.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.  
Sir,—Mr. Curwen, M. P. published, a few years ago, a tour through Ireland, the second volume of which I accidentally met with yesterday, and read for the first time. Whatever that gentleman's other qualifications

may be, it would be very unjust to deny him the praise of exemplary expedition. He travels, in the second volume, from south to north of the island, traversing several hundred miles, viewing innumerable towns, villages, seats, and farms, some of them with the utmost minuteness, (whether real or assumed I cannot say) and the tour only occupies him from the 14th of September, when he leaves Macroom, to the 19th of October, when he departs for England, after having, in these five weeks, produced his comely octavo of 355 pages!

We have, however, an old proverb, which does not bear favourable testimony to the advantages to be derived from such hasty operations; and I must say, that the venerable adage is borne out completely on this occasion by Mr. Curwen: for his book, at least as far as my personal knowledge goes, is very inaccurate indeed. But I am not willing to bring general charges without substantiating them; and shall accordingly point out a few inaccuracies. As I am a Cork-man I shall only speak of what relates to my own neighbourhood.

Page 4. We have a couple of errors: "*Bally Cobleck*, six miles from Cork, is a great ordnance depôt." The name of the place is *Ballincollig*. And shortly after, he talks of the *Irishtown* of Cork, no part of which city is designated by such a title; and in fact the name conveys an erroneous idea.

Page 7. "The situation of Cork is particularly striking. The old town being built on the side of a hill forms an amphitheatre, at the foot of which the river Lee formerly ran." Now the old town of Cork is built on a flat at the foot of the hill, and was surrounded by the Lee. When the necessity for keeping themselves cooped up in a fortified town ceased, the inhabitants spread over the adjoining hills; so that what Mr. Curwen calls the old town is in truth the most modern. He might have learned this fact from Spenser, who sings of

The spreading Lee that, like an island fair,  
Encloseth Cork with its divided flood.

Page 8. "The old town occupies the southern bank, the new is built on the northern." The old town, as I have said before, was encompassed by the two branches of the Lee, which divides above and unites below it.

Page 9. We have a couple of verbal errors in names; let that pass; but they are a sign of carelessness.

Page 10. "Party animosities here are carried to a great height—private comfort and public prosperity are always sacrificed to these unfortunate local misunderstandings, which are greatly promoted by the mutual desire that each party fosters to avoid personal conferences with each other, and to prefer the insinuations and misrepresentations of interested, invidious characters." I most positively deny every word of this. No one who knows any thing whatever of Cork could make such an assertion. There is perhaps no city of its size in the empire, where all

Of the first I know nothing, so I cannot tell whether its contents are as galloping as those of the second.

sects of religion and politics mix in such unrestrained intercourse both in public and private society.

Page 21. After some very silly remarks on the state of our county representation, we are told that "the representation of the town rests mostly in each body corporate, which seldom exceeds twelve members." Of what town? As he is writing from the county of Cork, he must mean its county town; and so far from its elective franchise being confined to twelve members, its corporate body consists of over two thousand freemen, and its freeholders, who vote at elections, to as many more. But I am not astonished at this error when I find,

Page 22. That he informs us that *twenty-eight* peers are returned to Parliament for Scotland by *two hundred and seven* electors! I thought every body knew that Scotland returns but *sixteen* peers, and the elective body is, I believe, under one hundred. Why this is as bad as any thing in Debreit.

Page 24. "Mr. McCassel, whose residence is near Fermoy, has the reputation of being a good farmer." Here is a hopeful blunder. Who do you think this gentleman is? I am sure you would hardly guess that he is neither more nor less than Lord Mountcashel—one of the first farmers indeed in the county. The accurate name under which he appears in Mr. Curwen's pages was no doubt picked up from some of the peasantry, in whose dialect his lordship's title is often corrupted into McCashel; which pretty barbarism, a little more barbarized, is promulgated to the world by our senatorial tourist.

Here he gets out of the county, and I shall not follow him. He is not more exact in other shires, but they are not in my bailiwick. If I wished to go *arguing* against his statements, I might have swelled the list easily enough; but I have pointed out only palpable blunders. It would be wonderful, indeed, if such were not committed, when the dates of his letters are as follows: Cork, September 14; Fermoy, September 14; and Lismore, September 15. Giving thus about two days to the survey of the largest county and the second city of Ireland.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
Passage West. R. P.

#### AMERICA.

#### OBSERVATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, ON THE UNITED STATES.

M—— 21st June 1820.

I have resided some time in America, and believe myself tolerably well acquainted with the state of commerce and manufactures in the United States; and cannot but wish, for the good of so many deluded people, to destroy, as far as lies in my power, the false representations which are entertained of this country, and which are particularly supported by those whose interest and selfish purposes require it. Having arrived about three weeks ago in Hamburg, my information is recent and authentic; and having no other motive than to counteract the delusions which are assiduously spread abroad concerning that country, I shall speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

The proposal (which is mentioned in an article in the *Gazette of Spire*) to prohibit the importation of all woollen, cotton, and iron goods into the United States, has indeed been made to the congress: there was, however, never any talk of an absolute prohibition, but merely of an inconsiderable addition to the present import duty, in order, by this means, as they supposed, to bring the American manufactures to such perfection that they might maintain the competition with those of foreign countries. But this proposal will never be adopted, for this reason; first, because the landowners, who are the far larger part of the American people, are so decidedly against it, and the members of the congress having been elected by the people, dare not vote but according to their pleasure; secondly, because the American manufactures, even with additional import duties, which at the most can be only from 40 to 50 per cent, will never support the competition with the foreign, consequently an additional impost duty would never accomplish the proposed object.

In the last war with England, the American manufactures rapidly flourished, merely because they had no others to contend with. Suppose a cloth coat, which a farmer can now buy for ten or twelve dollars better than at that time for eighty to one hundred dollars, should be again raised to this price, it is very natural to suppose that he would vote against such a measure. Manufactures do not spring up like plants in hot houses; they require many years, much experience, immense capitals, and a contentedness with respect to the enjoyments of life, which the American never had nor ever will have. Supposing such an act passed in congress, how will the immense deficiency in the revenue be covered, which would be the consequence, if the importation of foreign goods was so much decreased, or was perhaps even totally given up; as the constitution will not admit of a land tax, and the farmer who is firmly attached to it, never would consent to pay one.

The internal wealth of the United States, which the article mentions, is very inconsiderable, and rather decreases than increases; for according to my ideas, it consists in the prosperity of trade and commerce, in the quick circulation of money; but now the first are very much declining in North America, and the money is like a mere article of merchandize; bank notes, which are almost the only currency, being always at a discount, and continually varying in value.

Of what service is it to the individual or to the country, if large tracts of uncultivated land are ploughed and the farmer does not find a market for his superfluous produce, and must therefore suffer that to spoil which he does not want for his own use?

Surely the internal wealth of a country cannot be established by such means. But that the American manufactures can be brought to such a height as to be exported, and thus to enter into competition with those of Europe, is so far beyond the limits of probability, that it is wholly unnecessary for me to adduce any arguments on the sub-

ject; if they are unable to support the competition with strangers in their own country, with protecting duties of 40 or 50 per cent, how will they be able to compete with the Europeans in other parts of the world? The sixty cotton, and the thirty-six woollen manufactories, are inconsiderable in themselves, and are besides only in the northern states, including Maryland, and extend no farther to the south: they manufacture only goods of very inferior quality, and may therefore be said merely to vegetate. America has indeed natural advantages, and all the raw materials in abundance; but this is not sufficient; there are required, besides hands, skill, long experience, capital, and many essential things which they are far, very far from possessing. It is only on the Ohio or Mississippi that steam boats are established for the conveyance of goods; on all the other rivers they only carry passengers. The taxes are in truth insignificant, and in the interior of the country provisions extremely cheap; but this will not make manufactures thrive, when the most essential requisite is wanting. The influx of strangers will not greatly increase the population; for it is a fact, that by the highly exaggerated delusive notions of this country, which were designedly circulated, many thousand persons have been brought to want, misery, and death; and last year many vessels with English, Irish, and French, returned back, which they would scarcely have done if they had met with great success there. The distinctive epidemic peculiar to America and the West Indies (the yellow fever) has carried off, in the southern states, by far the greater part of the strangers lately arrived, including even the North Americans themselves; which has induced the state of Georgia to issue an ordinance prohibiting the importation of strangers during the unhealthy season, which is from May to October.

If, at Savannah, all foreigners died, and, in New Orleans, a city containing 25,000 inhabitants, of whom only 8000 are whites, 50 persons died daily, and 1,400 in five weeks, this is surely not the land of promise, whither every body should desire to travel. It is to be wished, for the sake of humanity, that the deceitful nimbus which hangs over that country may be at length dispelled, which has cost Germany so many thousands of her sons, and millions of money, that never return. The preponderance of the English manufactures is not temporary, but firmly established for a long time to come. In the great towns on the Atlantic, there are very insignificant manufactories, or rather none at all; for a weaver who has two, or at the most, three looms, cannot well be called a manufacturer: Besides Pittsburgh, Zanesville, Cincinnati, and Lexington, are quite insignificant towns; and the last three in particular, are going to decay, in consequence of the banking system, the notes often being at a discount of 50 or 60 per cent. compared with money, and frequently not being current at any exchange. At Marietta, a small town in the state of Pennsylvania, a house which was built only four years ago, at the expence of 16,000



dollars, was sold last winter for as many hundreds; and such instances are not rare. It is not to be denied, that the Americans have a great talent for mechanics, particularly in building bridges and ships, (though the most skilful bridge-builder in Pennsylvania is a German); but in manufacturing machinery, they have hitherto done but little, as almost all that they possess is of English origin. According to my conviction, therefore, it is impossible that the seven or eight millions of Americans will soon be able to produce as many manufactures as the 15 millions of English and Irish. The South American gold and silver mines lie as near to the English, and the West of Europe, as to the Northern States of America, which alone have any manufactures: for it requires as much time to sail to South America from New Orleans, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c. as from the ancient hemisphere, because all vessels sailing from those ports are obliged to proceed nearly off Madeira, and then steer south-west, if they can gain the wind; they therefore require as much time as those that sail from Europe.

A remarkable proof of the scarcity of money in North America, particularly in the Western States, is furnished by an advertisement in one of the three journals, published in the flourishing town of Cincinnati, on the Ohio: the editor offers to take from his subscribers corn, brandy, meat, sugar, linen, flax, feathers, wool, wax, tallow, candles, skins, and rags, at the current prices of the market.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

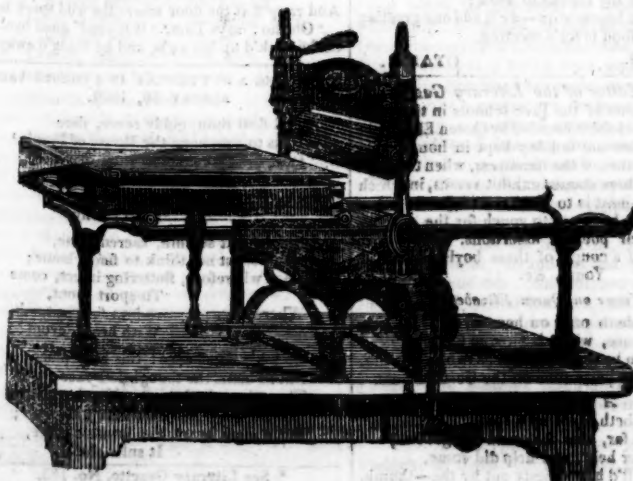
### LITHOGRAPHY.

We are glad to find that this interesting art continues to attract the public attention in this country, and we hope ere long to see it succeed still more than it has done in Germany and France. The perfection of the machinery employed is of the greatest con-

sequence; and we therefore take an opportunity of laying before our readers a sketch of a new Lithographic Printing Press, constructed by Mr. J. Ruthven of Edinburgh, on the principle of his patent, and which answers perfectly for printing from stone. It is represented as free from the disadvantages that have hitherto attended lithographic presses, and as thus promising to render the art very generally adopted. Any degree of pressure is at once brought to bear on the stone, by means of the lever. The roller is found to clear the stone from the printing ink at each impression, and the labour of winding the bed through is much less than by the method hitherto used. By this machine a greater number of impressions may also be obtained in a day than formerly. One of them has been for some time at work at the Lithographic Establishment of Mr. Charles M. Willich, No. 6, Dartmouth Street, Westminster, where we have inspected it, to satisfy ourselves of its merit, and where we believe it may be seen by the admirers of this interesting art. This press has also the advantage of being applicable to copper-plate printing. Upon enquiry we learnt, that at length English stone has been found to answer the purposes of lithography. In the above establishment it has been used with perfect success for Transfer Lithography, in which branch it is even thought to be superior to the German stone. The press from which the sketch has been made is intended for printing from stones 10 inches by 15 inches. It is extremely neat, and works with great facility.

### NEW CARRIAGE.

The Journal de Nancy announces that a gentleman of that city has invented a carriage which is impelled forward by a piece of mechanism, set in motion by a person stationed at the back of the vehicle. It is said that six persons may ride in this carriage, as rapidly as though it were drawn by horses at a trotting pace.



### STEEL ENGRAVING.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—I have, with much satisfaction, read the paper over the signature of F. E. Guilloit, ex-director of assignats, which appeared in your valuable Gazette of the 9th instant, since it affords me an opportunity of doing justice to the inventors of the Siderographic Art. M. Guilloit lays "claim to the priority of the invention of engraving in relief on copper, by the pressure of a plate engraved by incision (*encraus*) on steel." The inventors of this valuable art do not claim the discovery of engraving in relief on copper; it constitutes no part of their process of multiplying copper or steel engravings.

The method adopted by the French artists to multiply engravings is not practicable, and is acknowledged by M. Guilloit to have been abandoned long since: what practical man could suppose that copper having been pressed into a steel engraving, although made harder by the operation, could indent, by its relief, another copper plate, without enlarging each, and thereby distorting and injuring the engraving?—M. Guilloit, after claiming for his countryman this invention, says it is worth nothing, and points out the reason why. He says (and we perfectly agree with him) "Copper when strongly pressed experiences in all its parts an extension proportioned to its degree of annealing, and to its thickness. The difference between two impressions in copper has been found to amount, in the eagle and in the figure of liberty, to two centimetres 25-100ths (a line); hence the identity is destroyed." M. Guilloit has, we think, fairly proved that, although the French artists long ago conceived the idea that engravings might be multiplied, yet they could not put their ideas into practice, and, after many experiments, it was given up. Messrs. Perkins and Fairman also conceived the idea of multiplying engravings, and have put their ideas into most successful practice. The simple reason is this: Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's method is practicable, and entirely different from the French method, which is not practicable.

"If such a difference has been discovered on so small a surface as that of these two engravings of 30 and 66 square centimetres, (4 square inches and 9 square inches) it is easy to foresee the enormous difference which will result from the multiplication of engravings on any large copper plates, especially when this multiplication shall be effected under a cylinder acting as a flattening mill."

We perfectly agree with M. Guilloit, that when copper plates are attempted to be produced by the above described process, they, as he has stated, would be destroyed. We have seen a copper plate made by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman's indenting process, of 360 square inches, without the least enlargement; is not this a proof that the invention is dissimilar? We have also seen some of Heath's most delicate engravings retouched, after having been worn out by use; now if the plate had been the least enlarged, would the original lines and dots be again renewed? It is very evident, that although M. Guilloit



perfectly understands the plan adopted by his countryman, he has not correctly informed himself of the system adopted by Messrs. Perkins and Fairman.

M. Desnoyès, the celebrated French engraver, on his recent visit to this city, called on the inventors, and was shewn the process; he, like all the English artists, spoke in the warmest terms of its utility, beauty, and originality; if Mr. Guillot would visit his countryman, he could satisfy him that what was attempted in France, without success, is now successfully practised in this country. I have only to add, that such is the demand for this invention, that nearly 1,000 steel plates have already been ordered, for bank notes and other purposes.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, &c.  
September 15, 1820.

JUSTICE.

#### NEW SPANISH PLOUGH.

The Royal Society of Valladolid has published a description of an improved plough, presented to the society by Don Andres Herrarle, one of its members. The improvement which this ingenious artist has given to an instrument of such importance to agriculture, preserving the same simplicity and the common uses, varying it only in the share, cause it to work with much less fatigue to the cattle and the driver, moving and penetrating the earth every where to the same depth, clearing away the weeds, and cutting through the deepest and largest roots.

#### LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

##### FRENCH ACADEMY.

*Prizes to be distributed at the Annual Sitting of August, 1821.*

*Prize of Eloquence.*—To determine what constitutes poetic genius, and how it may be ascertained independently of diversity of languages, and forms of versification, in all its varieties, from the Epopee to the Apologue. The prize to consist of 1500 francs.

*Prize of Poetry.*—1st. The Devotion of Malesherbes, prize 1500 francs. 2d. The Restoration of Literature and the Arts, under Francis I. prize 1500 francs.

*Prize for the literary work most useful to morals.*—The Academy not having awarded this prize in 1819 and 1820, will grant, according to the merit of the work, a double or triple prize, consisting of a gold medal, of 800 or 1200 francs value, to the author of that literary work (published completely, and for the first time, between the 1st of January and the 31st of December, 1820), which may be deemed most useful to morals.

*Prize of Virtue.*—At the same sitting, the Academy will grant a prize to reward some virtuous action which may have been performed in the department of the Seine, within the three years preceding the 1st of July, 1820.

*Prize of Eloquence for 1822.*—The subject for the prize of Eloquence, which the Academy intends to propose for 1822, will be—The Elogue of Le Sage. The prize will consist of 1500 francs.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

##### THE CALM.

Phœbus o'er the mountains bright,  
Now sheds his dawning light;  
The wood-bird hails with joy the day,  
Hopping from spray to spray.

Come, Nora! let us brush the dew—  
From yon tall peak we'll view  
The sluggish vessel's lazy motion  
Over the glassy ocean.

There! the bellying sail is spread;  
Yet on the unruffled bed  
Of azure, rests it motionless—  
"Sleeps it there, Albert?"—Yes,

The tedious sleep of lethargy;  
Not so the watchful eye  
Of the expectant sailor closes—  
Not so his heart reposes.

Again he sees his native shore;  
He hails it's cliffs once more;—  
The tear-drop to his eye will start,  
Beats his responsive heart,

As his lone Nancy's pensiveness  
Will on his memory press.  
'Twere but a leap from thence to her,  
Why, why, his bliss defer?—

And lo! her love-discerning eyes  
The signal recognize!  
That wave must bring him to the shore—  
It murmurs—but no more.

Thus Nora! should thine Albert's heart  
Be doom'd from thine to part,  
Would thine eyes trace the tardy keel  
Thro' the blue waters steal?

I know they would—and so would mine  
Strain to encounter thine;  
And stretching o'er the vessel's side,  
They'd curse the mocking tide.

Yet us, sweet girl! ah, never, never  
May the wide ocean sever;  
Fix'd here, thine Albert will be found  
In thy heart's fibres bound.

My labour o'er, sweet be my rest,  
Soft pillow'd on thy breast;  
I'll joy, with thee my nature's balm,  
One universal calm!

Thou weeps't—I see the frequent lash,  
Prepare thy cheeks to wash;  
Come, the breeze stirs—we'll add one greeting  
At the fond lover's meeting.

Sept. 5, 1820.

##### OTAEIE.

##### To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir.—In one of the Free-schools in the West Riding of Yorkshire, founded by Queen Elizabeth, there is an annual holiday kept in honour and commemoration of the foundress, when the boys of the first three classes exhibit verses, in which mention at least is to be made of Queen Elizabeth. They have not to vouch for the authenticity of their poetical assertions. I send you the flights of a couple of these boyish Poets.

Yours, &c.

T. H. M.

##### Verses on Queen Elizabeth.

Queen Elizabeth once on her travel  
Met, by chance, with sir George Saville;  
She took him by the hand, and gave him a salute,  
And he play'd her a tune on the German flute.

##### A Second Attempt.

Queen Elizabeth crept up a spout,  
She crept so far, that she could not get out;  
She called for help, and help did come,  
And they pull'd her Majesty out by the—thumb.

##### LINKS TO "THE IPHIGENIA OF MILAN\*."

When Greece of old, urged on by rival hate,  
On Troy's proud turrets pour'd the vengeful  
storm;

Thou may'st have read, have wept the hapless  
fate  
That clothed in death thy namesake's virgin  
form.

With grace like thee adorn'd, and beauty's  
bloom,

She saw unheeded pass youth's fleeting hours,  
And wandered, reckless of her destined doom,  
'Mid Argive meadows, and Love's roseate  
bowers.

She fell—the victim of misguided zeal;—  
A parent's trembling frame o'erhung her bier;  
And as each chieftain viewed the reeking steel,  
Burst from each chieftain's eye the pitying  
tear.

Oh! may thy fate to her's far different prove;  
And since fair Science decks for thee her  
crown,

Cease not the page of ancient lore to love,  
But boldly claim Minerva's envied throne.

Be like Virginia chaste, like Portia brave,  
And grasp the laurels of no vulgar fame;  
Fair flowerets then will deck thy honor'd grave,  
And Milan's matrons hail thy classic name.

Middle Temple.

ALPHEUS.

##### PARODY.

##### "Young Love."

Tom Stokes liv'd once in a garret high,  
Where fogs were breathing,  
And smoke was wreathing

Her curls to give the cerulean sky,  
Which high up above Tom's head did lie:

His red cheeks flourish'd,  
For Sam Swipes nourish'd  
Their bloom full oft with *Whitbread's* showers.  
But debts, tho' *borish*, must be paid,  
And Bailiffs a'nt *ban'd* for many hours.

Ah! that the *Nabman's* evil eye  
Should e'er come hither,  
Such cheeks to wither!

The fat soon, soon, began to die,  
And Tom fell sick as the blades drew nigh.

They came one morning,  
Ere Stokes had warning,  
And rapp'd at the door where the wild spark lay.  
'Oh, ho!' says Tom, 'Is it you?' good bye.—  
So he pack'd up his awls, and he trudg'd away.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN A CHURCH-YARD.  
AUGUST 30, 1820.

And dost thou, giddy rover, dare  
Thus to prophane the House of Pray'r?  
Dost thou presume to enter there,  
Thou gaudy fly?  
Thou hast indeed assurance rare,  
I can't deny.

For in that solemn, sacred dome,  
Thou canst not think to find a home;  
Then wherefore, fluttering insect, come  
To sport about,  
Where man prepares him for the tomb,  
With heart devout?

Oh! hie thee hence! this holy place  
But ill befits the thoughtless race;  
The silken cloak, and golden lace,  
Are here unknown;  
But a meek heart, and humble grace,  
It suits alone.

\* See Literary Gazette, No. 185.

Go where sweet Spring's enchanting bow'rs  
Are deck'd with ever-varying flowers,  
And there employ thy wanton hours  
With honey'd dew :  
Or sip the drops of April's showers  
From cups of blue.

'Light on the cowslips' golden heads,  
Or range along the violet beds,  
Or o'er the plains where primrose spreads  
Its yellow ray,  
Or where the modest cistus sheds  
Its leaves by day.

There trifle thy short life away  
In wantonness and idle play ;  
Or boast thee of thy colours gay,  
Vain Butterfly !  
For there will surely come a day  
When thou must die !

Canterbury, Aug. 20, 1820.

W. B.

#### JEU DE MOT.

To M—int—ah some one expressed his surprize  
That a certain learned counsel, both sprightly  
and wise,  
Would play second in that where so low the first  
stood ;  
But Sir J— said that *Broom was always Under-wood.*

[Sir.—I hope you will have no objection to insert the following little song, which I wish you could without violating any principle publish as soon as possible.] \*

#### FROM A SICK BED.

To *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Prey to sickness and to pain,  
On my troubled bed I lie,  
Doomed upon it to remain,  
While the warm sun glids the sky,  
Tossing, tho' all nature's glad.  
Pretful, gloomy, lonely, sad.  
Seldom does the cheerful smile  
On my care-worn visage glow ;  
Hard I find it to beguile  
The dull moments of their woe,  
Save when comes, to chase my spleen,  
*Blackwood's merry Magazine.*

Turning o'er its various page,  
Passing light from grave to gay,  
Sometimes laughing, sometimes sage,  
Brilliant with the warmest ray,  
Genius, taste, or wit can give,  
For an hour I seem to live.

Dear to me the olive coat,  
As in that its sheets are drest ;  
On that calm mild face I doat,  
Which upon its back impress,  
Almost loudly seems to cry,  
"Hither, sons of humour, hie !"

Could I say but half I feel,  
I should rhyme the whole day long,  
And express for it my zeal  
In a full career of song ;  
And although my muse were rude,  
It should speak my gratitude.

But I fear my verse is dull—  
How unlike the strains of thine—  
Strains of wit, of talent full,  
And of energy divine :

\* Having received this from a valued correspondent, though not quite *à la règle*, we comply with his request. Ed.

May success thy steps attend,  
Blackwood, my own jolly friend !  
Ireland. R. T. S.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

##### REMARKABLE STORY.

##### PRETENDER TO THE DANISH THRONE.

The following account of this person is given in a Berlin Journal ;—

The late king, Christian VII. had a mother-in-law, Juliana Maria, upon whom history has already pronounced sentence, with respect to her endeavours to place upon the throne her son, the hereditary Prince Frederic, to the injury of the lawful heir. This Juliana was as inimical to King Christian as to his descendants : to her alone is attributed the unhappiness which the King experienced in his marriage with the English Princess, Matilda, sister of George III. ; nay, and even the state of mental debility in which Christian passed his life. But, as she could not accomplish all her plans in favour of her son, she is stated to have attempted, at least, to secure the crown for her grandson (Prince Christian Frederic, who, with his amiable consort, is now travelling in Italy). When, therefore, the present Queen, then Crown-Princess, consort of Frederic VI. was first delivered of an heir to the throne, she is said to have had the child taken away as soon as it was born, and a dead child substituted in its room. The dead child was buried, and the true heir to the throne entrusted to one of the Royal attendants, named H —, who, 'being in the secret, brought him up as his own son. The step-grandmother assigned the sum of 4000 dollars annually for his education, to reward her confidant. When the Prince grew older, he was sent to the academy Schnepfenthal, and a great banking house at Altona paid the necessary sums to order, without knowing any thing further of the matter. The young man probably remarked, from many circumstances, that the — was not his father ; and when he returned to Denmark, after finishing his studies, urged him to reveal to him the secret of his birth, which the latter, partly instigated by his conscience, at length did. He furnished his foster-son with all the documents necessary to support his claim, and then committed suicide, being justly afraid of punishment, for having so long concealed so shameful an action.

The Prince, being at Copenhagen, and furnished with his papers, laid his claims before the police, which immediately reported the affair to the King, who sent for the Pretender, examined his papers, and, finding that his countenance and figure greatly resembled his own, and the papers contained important explanations, which seemed deserving of attention, he immediately caused him to be put under confinement, but without any rigour, and placed officers to guard him, in order to examine thoroughly who he was.

This is the present state of the affair, which, in truth, is more like the romantic

invention of some idle fancy, than a real fact. However, letters from Denmark, and even from Copenhagen, speak with such confidence on the subject, that the story certainly deserves attention. It is farther affirmed, that the Altona banker, who paid the money to the school at Schnepfenthal, has been summoned to Copenhagen, to give such information as is in his power ; that he set out for that city a week ago ; that the Danish Minister of State K —, passed through Hamburg, on the night of July 22, on his way to Schnepfenthal ; and it is also said, that the Danish government has sent for to Copenhagen two ladies of the chamber of the late Queen, who live in Hanover, (whether in the kingdom or city of Hanover, we are ignorant,) and who, it is pretended, are in the secret. The Pretender is stated to be about 29 years of age, and very like the King, (except that his hair is brown, whereas that of his majesty is very fair,) and to have served last with the rank of Lieutenant. This is all that I have been able to collect, respecting this most strange affair, which it must be left to time to clear up.\*

##### Trick of the Spanish Mule Drivers, and Obstinacy of their Mules.

(Related by an Eye-witness.)

It is customary in Spain to guide the mules without reins, and merely by calling to them. The animal, when called by its name, punctually follows the orders of his driver. But it is a very peculiar circumstance, that they must always be yoked at the very same place to which they have been accustomed, otherwise they will not draw. After the battle of Cordura, several waggons were required to carry away the effects of King Joseph Napoleon from Madrid. While the waggons were loading, most of the drivers unyoked their mules, under pretence of feeding them, and then put them too again at an unaccustomed place. The animals refused to draw. The drivers at first seemed to give themselves all possible trouble to make them go on. The French who escorted the train, attempted to assist, and liberally dealt out their blows on all sides. The Spanish drivers, however, contrived to get out of the way, and the mules kept their place, in spite of all this beating. This occasioned a long delay ; for the French sought in vain the cause of the obstinacy of the mules. At last, a part of the escort of cavalry were obliged to dismount, and their horses were harnessed to the waggons. But, during this time, a part of the Spanish cavalry, whose approach appears to have been known to the drivers, had made a detour about Madrid, and cap-

\* We have seen some accounts of a later date, which say, that the pretended Prince has been discovered to be the son of a tailor ; and others, that he has been found to be insane. Without being able to vouch for the truth of any of these statements, we have thought our readers might like to have a more particular account of this strange business (which created great sensation in Denmark,) than has appeared, to our knowledge, in any other English Journal.—Ed.

tured almost all the baggage of poor Joseph who is said to have narrowly escaped being made prisoner.

## EAST INDIES.

Monday Morning.

Sir,—As your articles, under the head of Sketches of Society, do not seem to be confined to any class or country, I send you an anecdote illustrative of Indian cunning and address, which you may depend on as being related without the least exaggeration, and well known to many people.

The Rajah of Travencore being dispossessed of some territory by the British collector resident at that station, during the late Governorship, applied to the authorities at the Madras seat of government, for its restoration. Not finding his application attended to for some time, he was induced to listen to the proposal of one of the government dobash's,\* who offered to manage the affair for him on certain conditions. The credulous rajah consented; and came on an appointed day, was introduced (as he thought) to the Lady Governor, to whom he presented 50,000 pagodas in cash, with some handsome shawls, and other valuable presents, and withdrew, much pleased with his reception.

Nothing was heard of the circumstance for some time, and the Rajah was in daily expectation of having his territory restored; but some time after, meeting the real wife of the Governor, on the Mount road, he saw that it was not the same person to whom he had been secretly introduced, and he mentioned the circumstance. At last it reached the ears of the Governor, and it was discovered that the Dobash had got a Portuguese in the Governor's employ to personate Mrs. —, who did so, without having been in the least suspected by the Rajah, with such condescension and dignity did she receive the presents. The facts were traced, the Portuguese turned king's evidence, and discovered the whole plot. The Dobash was confined 5000 pagodas, (2000*l.*), sentenced to the pillory, and three years imprisonment. The poor Rajah was said to have died of a broken heart for the loss of his territory and money; and the Portuguese was destroyed by his nefarious colleague.

The attempts on the life of the Portuguese by the Dobash, shew to what guilt will impel even the timid and merciful Hindoo.

This man hired a house in the most retired part of the Black Town, and, in the inner apartment, destined for repose, which is generally without other opening than the door, he had a grave dug: having got persons to assist him in his murderous intent, he invited the Portuguese to an entertainment, and, having made him drink pretty freely, he led him into the sleeping apartment, and they had actually got a rope round his neck, when they were broken in upon by the police, who had by some means or other got notice of their design.

\*The Dobashce, or dobash, is a native secretary, or manager of business connected with natives.

This attempt having failed, the Dobash employed persons to supply him with drink, of which he was very fond, and, at last, succeeded in giving him the dose of brandy and opium, which caused his death.

R. N. W.

## THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Wednesday Braham commenced his engagement at this theatre. We can add nothing to the public knowledge or the public praise of this admirable singer, and we shall limit ourselves to the mere mention, that his songs on Wednesday gave perfect evidence of unimpaired powers. A report has spread itself that Braham is about to retire: for this we can discover no ground in the performer. His voice is at its height in all that constitutes the charm of music. What portion of its volume it may have gradually exhausted, it is still difficult to ascertain, for it is still more than equal to fill the largest of our theatres. But its delicacy, finish, and execution, are matters of simpler judgment; and in those points we can discover no inferiority to the triumphs of his earlier days: we are even satisfied, that if by the failure of his volume of voice he should be compelled to adhere to his more delicate and tasteful style, to exchange the English for the Italian, he would add only so much the more to his true popularity. The opera was *Guy Mannering*, in which he was the *Henry Bertram*. He sang the *Death of Abercrombie*, *Loeb's Young Dream*, and *Scots wha hae*, with great applause. Miss R. Corri was the *Lucy Bertram*. This young performer promises to be among the first singers of the stage. Her voice is rapidly purifying; her style is Italian, and her taste exhibits a spirit and elegance rare to English Opera. J. Russel was a tolerable *Dandie Dinmont*. Liston, as the *Dominie*, was *pro-di-gious*! and the rest were sufficiently well in their vocation. The house was full and feverish.

## FOREIGN DRAMA.

THEATRE DU VAUDEVILLE.—*La Poste Dramatique, revue Allegorique*.—M. Lambin has set up a dramatic posting establishment. The business of his post-boys is to convey novelties to the different theatres. M. Succes d'Argent, who, in his character of cousin german of Fortune, loves to escape from those who pursue him, has taken up his abode at the establishment, assuming the name and dress of the proprietor. The *Berger Chatelaine*, the *Platteur*, and the *Homme Poli*, successively arrive, but none of them recognise *Succes d'Argent*. At length *Mary Stuart* and *Queen Elizabeth* make their appearance, and a laughable scene takes place between the two queens. They appear attired in rich court dresses, and commence a dialogue in an elevated strain: by degrees, however, their anger is roused; their robes fall off, they appear dressed like women of *la Halle*, and they continue their dispute in language corresponding with their costumes. A little disapprobation was manifested towards the conclusion of the piece.

## SECOND THEATRE FRANCAIS.

*Frederick and Conradin*, a tragedy, in five acts.—The death of these two young princes is one of the most touching events of modern history. Conradin, the son of Conrad IV. Emperor of Germany, was only two years of age when his father died. The Roman Pontiffs, Pantaleon, Urban, and Clement IV. had disposed of the States of Naples and Sicily, and Conradin, the lawful heir to those kingdoms, was deprived of his rights until the age of fifteen, when fortune favoured his cause. Accompanied by his young cousin, Frederick of Austria, he placed himself at the head of an army; and, after being received with transport in Rome, he triumphantly entered Abruzzo. He was, however, overcome in a sanguinary battle, in which he had at first enjoyed the most brilliant advantage; and after the death of Frederick, he wandered about in the disguise of a shepherd. He was at length recognised by a Roman nobleman, who seized him, and delivered him up to Charles of Anjou, and shortly after the unfortunate prince perished by the hand of the executioner.

The author of the new piece probably thought that the simplicity of the above story did not afford sufficient dramatic resources; for almost all the secondary events have been changed, and a kind of romantic machinery has been attached to the main incident, which is in contradiction to the best authenticated historical facts.

## THEATRE ITALIEN.

*Il Turco in Italia*.—The brilliant success of Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, induced the managers of the opera to bring forward another production of that master. *Il Turco in Italia* has been selected; and this preference is in some measure justified by two or three charming pieces, such as the finale of the first act, &c. But even Rossini's music could scarcely induce the audience to tolerate the absurdity of the piece. A gallant Turk visits Italy, where he unexpectedly meets with a lady, who, on the suspicion of infidelity, he had formerly doomed to death. He is once more enslaved by her charms, after having resisted the fascinations of an Italian coquette. The Turk is reconciled to his slave, with whom he returns to Turkey, to the great satisfaction of the husband and cavalier *servente* of the Neapolitan lady.

## THEATRE DE LA GAITE.

First representation of *Le Paysan grand Seigneur*, a melo drama, in three acts.

The substitution of one child for another is the incident on which this piece is founded. The Chevalier de Saint Alban, who has witnessed the death of the Marquess d'Esparville, his pupil, substitutes in his stead a young peasant boy, named Justin. He at the same time directs Leonard, one of his agents, to present Marguerite, the mother of Justin, with the sum of ten thousand francs; but the honest agent finds it more convenient to appropriate the money to his own use. The marriage of the young man is about to be celebrated with Adolphe, the daughter of Count d'Ormeuil, when a peasant, named Bazili, who suspects that



Justin is not the real Marquess, conducts Marguerite to the presence of the Count, and thus the truth is discovered. The Count pardons Justin, who has been the means of saving his life, and he consents to his union with Adolpheine.

The piece was tolerably successful.

### POLITICS.

Portugal has followed the example of Spain; and a revolution has overturned the Regency, as the preface to a constitutional government.

The defence of the Queen has been postponed to the 3d of October: it is looked for with great curiosity.

### VARIETIES.

**REMARKABLE CANNON.**—At Kubberpore na Jheel, in India, there is a cannon 213 inches long, 66 inches round the muzzle, and 18 inches round the calibre. It has five, and had, originally, six equidistant rings, by which it was lifted up. This gun is called by the natives Jaun Kushall, or the destroyer of life, and its casting and position are attributed to the deotas or divinities, though its almost obliterated Persian inscriptions declare its formation by human means. But what is most extraordinary about it is, that two peepul trees have grown both cannon and carriage into themselves. Fragments of the iron, a spring, one of the linches, and part of the wood-work, protrude from between the roots and bodies of these trees, but the trees alone entirely support the gun, one of the rings of which, and half of its whole length, are completely hid between and inside their bark and trunks. A more curious sight, or a cannon more firmly fixed, though by the mere gradual growth of two trees, cannot well be imagined. The Indians assert that it was only once fired, and sent the ball 24 miles!!—(See *Asiatic Journal*.)

The busts of celebrated Italians, which have hitherto adorned the Pantheon at Rome, were lately removed to a gallery prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, where it is in contemplation to form a museum of all the celebrated men that Italy has produced. The writer of an article inserted in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, strongly censures the removal of the busts of Raphael and of other distinguished men who were buried in the church of the Rotunda (the Pantheon). It is, however, extremely doubtful whether the mortal remains of Raphael were deposited in the church; and with the exception of Carlo Maratti, it is pretty certain that none of the great men, whose busts have lately been removed, were buried there.

A horticultural society in England, which annually distributes medals for beautiful flowers exhibited by its members, this year awarded the grand prize to the cultivator of a fine carnation, which was named the *Asiatic Queen*. The second prize was given for another flower of the same species, called *British Opinion*. Where will opinion fix it-

self next? The third prize was adjudged to a flower distinguished by the name of the *Trial by Jury*!—(French Paper.)

**Miracle.**—At the church of St. Gervais, in Paris, a mass, called the *Hostie enlevée*, is performed every Friday. Respecting the origin of this custom, the following curious story is related. A thief stole the vessel containing the host from the church of St. Gervais. On arriving near St. Denis, he opened the cup, when the host flew out, and fluttered around him, without his being able to catch it. He was tried and condemned on the prosecution of the Abbé of St. Denis. A lawsuit afterwards ensued between the Abbé and the Bishop of Paris, respecting the possession of the miraculous host; and it was finally agreed that it should be delivered up to the curate of St. Gervais, who had consecrated it; but on the express condition that the mass above mentioned should be regularly celebrated.

**Pasquinade.**—At all the religious festivals in Rome, travellers of whatever religion, and especially British, obtain admission, in preference to the native Catholics. A *bon mot* has appeared on this custom. Pasquin asks Marforio, "Where are you going, brother, dressed in black, and a sword at your side?"—Marforio, "I am going to the Sixtine Chapel, to hear the Miserere."—Pasquin, "You go in vain. The Swiss Guards will push you away, and the papal cavaliers politely refuse you admission."—Marforio, "Don't be afraid; I shall get in, for I turned heretic yesterday."

Dr. Gesenius, who, with Lord Guildford, has been recently transcribing some Arabian MSS. at the Bodleian Library, has nearly completed the singular task of translating the Book of Enoch from the Abyssinian language. This language resembles the Arabic, one fourth of the words perhaps being radically of that tongue, in which the learned Doctor is well skilled, while he is also one of the most celebrated Hebrew scholars on the continent.

We are informed that the report of MS. Poems of Ossian having been discovered at Connor, is unfounded. It is not likely that any one credited it.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Contents of the Journal des Savans, for August, 1820.*

B. de Roquefort, Poésies de Marie de France.—Reviewed by M. Raynouard.

Biot on the Aurora Borealis.

F. de Neufchateau, L'Esprit du grand Corneille.—M. Raynouard.

T. Matter, Essai Historique sur l'Ecole d'Alexandrie.—M. Daunou.

Abel Rémusat, Recherches sur les Langues Tartares.—Silvestre de Sacy.

Barde du Vigan, Un Mot sur la nouvelle Orthographe.—M. Raynouard.

The famous Bergami is, according to the French Papers, preparing his memoirs for publication at Neufchateau.

A tragedy from the pen of Lord Byron is on the tapis. We understand that it is to be published, and not offered to any Theatre for performance.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Thursday, 7.—Thermometer from 37 to 68.

Barometer from 30, 27 to 30, 30.

Wind E. b. S.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Generally fair; the sun shining through light clouds.

Friday, 8.—Thermometer from 41 to 69.

Barometer from 30, 33 to 30, 56.

Wind N. W. 1. and N. b. W. 2 and  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally hazy; at times clear.

Saturday, 9.—Thermometer from 39 to 70.

Barometer from 30, 51 to 30, 49.

Wind N. b. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and S. W. 1.—Generally hazy; at times clear.

Sunday, 10.—Thermometer from 41 to 71.

Barometer from 30, 48 to 30, 43.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .—Generally clear.

Monday, 11.—Thermometer from 41 to 76.

Barometer from 30, 44 to 30, 41.

Wind S. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and E. b. S. 1.—Generally clear.

Tuesday, 12.—Thermometer from 49 to 74.

Barometer from 30, 41 to 30, 38.

Wind S. E. 1.—Generally clear; clouds passing. The Northern Lights about 10 this evening, rather bright, but quite still.

Wednesday, 13.—Thermometer from 43 to 73.

Barometer from 30, 35 to 30, 28.

Wind S. E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  and 1.—Generally clear.

A thick haze or fog every morning during the week, which sometimes lasted all the forenoon.

On Saturday the 23d, at 6 minutes, 46 seconds after 9 o'clock, the 1st Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse.

On Friday 22nd of September the moon will be eclipsed, partly visible at Greenwich. Beginning of the eclipse (clock time)

5. 6. 29. A.M.

5. 49. 59.

Moon sets eclipsed, Edmonton, Middlesex.

JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"We shall be glad to receive the conclusion of the Essay on the Incontinence of the Clergy, anterior to the Reformation: it is contrary to our rule to commence a subject without being sure that we shall be able to finish it.

R. R.'s hint respecting a more copious Index to the annual volume of the *Literary Gazette*, shall be attended to: the Editor is aware of the utility of distinct reference in so mixed a publication.

T. R. C.—We must see the drawings, &c. mentioned by T. R. C. before we can make any statement concerning them.

A. C.'s communication is objectionable on grounds which may (if wished) be stated in a private letter.

ERRATA.—In the Review of *Procrastus Unbound*, last Number, p. 580, col. 3, l. 23, for *Saturnia* read *Saturnia*; l. 31, for *Signior* r. *Signore*; l. 32, for *Onocetus* r. *Onocemus*; p. 581, col. 2, l. 13, for *Colorofor* r. *Colorific*.

In the verses on the *Angel of the World*, in our last, a line was accidentally dropped in passing from one column to the other. It is the 6th line of the second stanza.

"Planning our spirits pinions at the page  
Where sweet Floranthé, &c."

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